

THE FRESH START ISSUE

ESQUIRE

MAN AT HIS BEST

FEBRUARY 2011



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to READ THIS
MAGAZINE!

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J 12
MARINE
CHANEL



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FRAMES OF LIFE

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to see what's inside.[‡]

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Infrared remote keyless entry vehicles require scheduled maintenance.
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**With new vehicle purchase. See dealer for details.



Thank Das Auto.



DOLCE & GABBANA

DOLCE & GABBANA

light blue



HOW A PLAN TO HELP A RENEWABLE ENERGY COMPANY GROW



ENDED UP CREATING MORE THAN JUST MEGAWATTS



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Harnessing an important resource like wind requires a lot of capital. So when a renewable energy company came to us, we found investors to help them grow. Because investing in a clean energy future is not only good for the environment, it's good for local businesses and communities. And for local employees, who have a new way to put their energy to work.

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**THE DOOR HANDLES
ARE INVISIBLE.
AND THAT'S ABOUT IT.**

WHEN YOU BUILD A COUPE SO PURE
OF FORM THAT THE MANUFACTURING
PROCESS HAD TO BE REINVENTED,
EVEN THE DOOR HANDLES
SHOULDN'T GET IN THE WAY.



THE NEW STANDARD OF THE WORLD



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1860 — 1916 — 1969 — 2011 —



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2011: Aquaracer 500m Calibre 16 Day-Date.



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Many and more of the world's institutions are either aging or largely unaccounted; these industries have influences, and influences have

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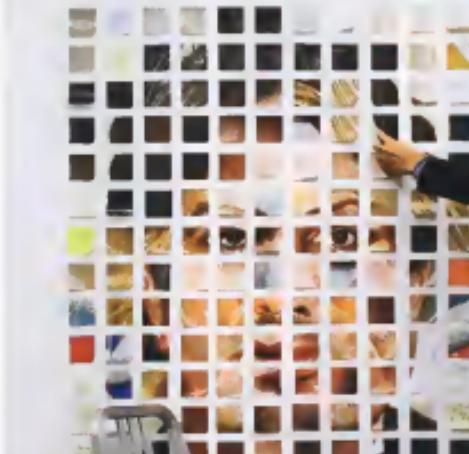
TAKE ONE
Author President Obama's speech, and the author is a cybersecurity blogger and it's easier post-dictated speech writing. Offers him a deal, and one. By David Carr

EDWARD HEUER WITH BROOKLYN DODGERS

Does it matter that Brooklyn Dodgers' primary wrapped shoulders isn't present? What are you saying?

By Tom Cheshire

Esquire
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Opposite page:
Brooklyn Dodger photo-mosaic
A close-up up.

ON THE COVER: BROOKLYN DODGERS PHOTOGRAPHED EXCLUSIVELY FOR ESQUIRE BY YU TAI. JEWELRY BY GUCCI.
SWEET BY PIERRE, STYLING BY MELISSA MURRAY FOR "11 INCHES." SHIRT BY GANNI AND PANTS BY HUGO VON SACHS. BOTH FOR THE WILL GROUP.
MEN'S SHIRT BY JAMES KALSTROM FOR ARTISTS BY TOMMY HILF. SET DESIGN BY ALLEGRA HORN, DRAPERY BY

{ continued on page 163 }

ABSOLUT WILD TEA GIMLET

Pour 2 parts ABSOLUT WILD TEA over ice in a rocks glass. Add ½ part fresh lime juice and ½ part simple syrup. Stir and garnish with a wheel of lime.



HOW TO READ THIS ISSUE

IF YOU'RE...



...ON A PLANE

Start with John H. Richardson's engrossing profile of New York City mayor Michael Bloomberg (page 88). It'll get you up to cruising altitude. Flip through the list of reengineers (page 85) while you wait for the drinks cart, then read Piers Morgan's What I've Learned on page 96. (British people are funnier when you've been drinking.) Save the Brooklyn Decker article for later; there's no way to read it without the older woman next to you thinking you're just staring at the pictures.



...IN LOVE

Turn to page 42, where we've put together a quick quiz to determine the veracity of your feelings. Not that we don't believe you, but you might have fun proving it to yourself. You're having trouble focusing on much else, aren't you? That's sweet. Put down the magazine and give her a call.



...A POLITICAL JUNKIE

You'll love Tom Junod's arresting piece on Fox News Channel CEO Roger Ailes (page 66). Check out that Bloomberg profile (page 88), then turn to the State of the Union address that we asked a conservative speechwriter to draft for President Obama (page 112). You'll be pleasantly surprised, no matter your politics. After that, flip through the images of our redesigned logo (page 74). You deserve a little break.



...AN ENGINEER

How about this flap, huh? And check out our new Before We Begin section (one page turn away) and our other unconventional new section, The Appendix, on page 44. You might also enjoy our honor roll of "reengineers" (page 64), people who change things whether they need it or not. Sorry they're not "engineers" ...but you can still read Chris Jones's story about completely renovating an old house (page 98). There must be something in there you can sketch on graph paper.



...A FAN OF SCAVENGER HUNTS

Read Tom Chiarello's account of his evening with Brooklyn Decker on page 86. Like the pictures? There are more; you just have to find them. Download the free GoldRun app from iTunes and go to any Barnes & Noble. Find the magazine section, activate the app, and hold up your phone until you see exclusive images of our girl on the screen. Interact with them (politely). Take your picture with her. Share and tweet at will. (For more information, see page 58 or go to esquire.com/scavenger-hunt.)



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PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFERSON HARRIS FOR ABSOLUT

Introducing
ABSOLUT WILD TEA
Cocktails Perfected

A VISION FROM KAREN O AND WARREN DU PREEZ & NICK THORNTON JONES

Essential information for this issue and your month

**THIS MONTH IN
THE ESQUIRE UNIVERSE**



THE MEMO

*On the occasion of some changes in Esquire this month,
a few rambling thoughts by Esquire writers and editors*

 CREATIVE DESTRUCTION

AT SOME POINT, you stop building on top of what you've already built, and start taking things down to prepare for a new way.

Creative destruction: "No man's pleasure can be birth'd but by some violent death." Wordsworth. If I happened past the end of what I already knew, the first of R. Rilke's *Books of Hours*: "There are strange walls coming up; impounding the view, beginning to be alive to its inhabitants. Blame and scold! God! The Roof!"

Borders and Crossroads: Creative destruction works well. In fact being God you get.

Some not the best are

Bambidibius leucurus is relatively elusive all the year. They're constantly darting over such a wide range. But in the winter,

Следует отметить, что в последние годы в Китае наблюдается тенденция к снижению производительности труда в сельском хозяйстве.

What you should have given the bank
concerning your account balance. This is a balance

For more information about the study, contact Dr. Michael J. Hwang at (319) 356-4550 or email him at mhwang@uiowa.edu.

One group informed that their Hangzhou scheme is no longer feasible.

QUESTION *What are the main differences between the two types of energy systems?*

and every one has written. But, like others before me, I have been unable to find any reference to the author.

Consequently, the first step in the development of a new model is to identify the variables that are likely to influence the outcome.

What you can do You can always stop. Then call.

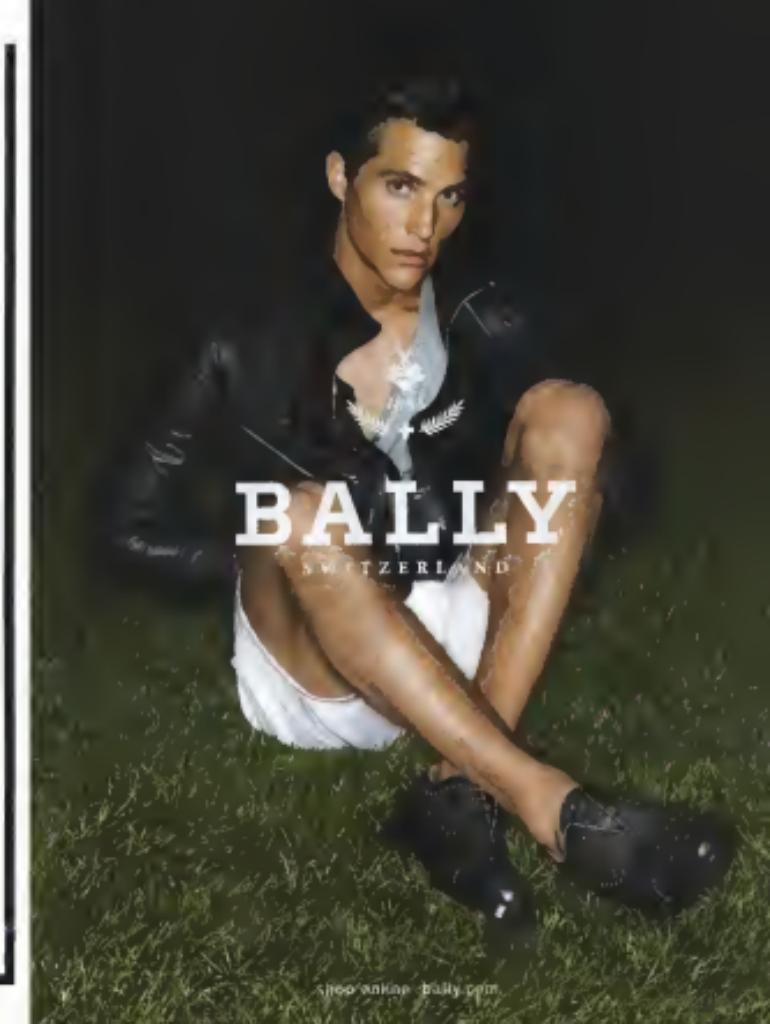
You don't have to pay off everything. You shouldn't. Anybody can destroy something when he's in me thought to replacing something sometimes takes me "it's always better once I turned into a rose when some friends and I were eating breakfast it leaped onto the table smashed a coffee cup and scattered it in our faces. That was a shock and a half with our coffee hot. This was the "West" really did make believe. I'd never seen an animal engage in it. was also the most creature."

What you start as new pigs at the barn never entirely clean house. There's always some mess. And there are times when we have

A quickie [permitholder](#) to us from the

When someone steps on the anvil immediately you run away.

What's your big attack? Then don't



REFERENCES AND NOTES



1



far as long as we can see them as responsible. Whether it's [1] Harry Atiles (59 years old, distinguished agent of bass, right-wing nibble-roaster, guru of the (lawless) mudbait) or Barack Obama's presidency (see page 112) or [2] a 54-year-old housewife (page 98)—Revere itself is in my new section. Before We begin, as you are reading these words, or see "The Logic Project," (page 24), everything is, below the surface, a nothing, a delusion of possibility. Even Atiles, the man who gave life and expression to Glens Falls and Bill O'Reilly and [3] the Fox News bubble and the Tea Party, is aware of his frosty and is constantly rearranging his life and work to shore them up.

A NOTE FROM
DAVID GRANGER

Down, Tear It

TERESA AND I, shortly after I'd bought my first house, we dug a basement in the back yard and had a wall built to make room for a little garage. The wall was finished, and I went out with my masonry office (because it was an amateur's job) to plaster it. It was at age, I stepped precipitously from left to right. Shoring never paid for a wall so high before; plasterer dropped grinded me. I called the wall guy. He showed up, agreed with me, and, over the next couple of days, took the wall apart and rebuilt it. Lesson. It was a lesson for me.

We tend to think of people and things as being fixed and permanent. Although as we lead reinvention, our instinct is to see things as they are and imagine that they have been and always will be that way. But interestingly, individually, that's not the case. Each day is a new creation, and we each know that we can reinvent the course we travel in life or we can reinforce the one we're on.

Throughout this issue, we demonstrate that change is possible, even among people or firms that have been in the public eye.

Equine

[View this month's issue](#)

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VOCABULARY

Terms and ideas you will encounter

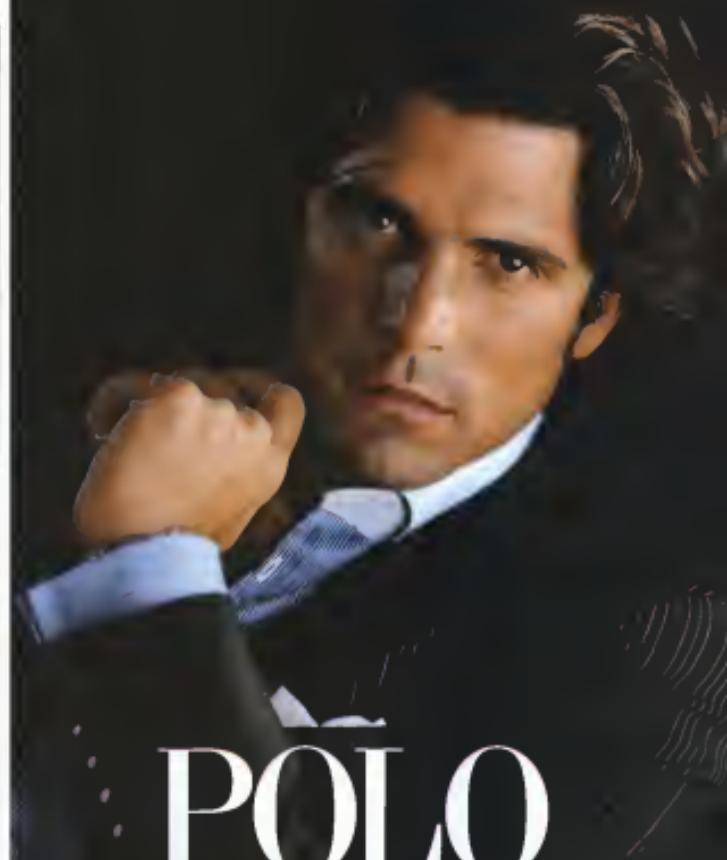


Fullerenes

memory (n.)
When hair that has been
styled a certain way for a
number of years
remains itself no matter
what you try to do to it
(See: name 22)



INTERVIEWER'S NOTES
10) TO ATTRIBUTE
HUMAN NEEDS TO
SOMETHING THAT IS
NOT HUMAN. HAVING
A BUDGET OUT PRO-
JECTS. (See page 18.)



POLO
BLACK

RALPH LAUREN

POLO

BLACK

RALPH LAUREN



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THE MEN'S FRAGRANCE

CENSORED: In this censored letter from Giverny designer Etienne Henrion-Girardot, he describes the four members of the Henrion family as "four different-looking sons." One member writes cryptically: "We have hair and the bottoms of our clothes who have been told they are extremely unsightly. Jumping in swimming holes is Americans most dangerous pastime." —Barry L. Alderman, Calif.



... AND NOW A FEW WORDS FROM JOHN IN WEST OAKLAND

In my barbershop Quino's, I was recently barking Quino's. In fact, I was so good at it, I was a purveyor. I feel it easier than finding a style that's not what doesn't grow out of your own. (Also, I love to let my wife fuss with it and put it in a braid for her special occasions.) If reading Chris Jean's very interesting profile of the styling guru, excusing Danny Dilks ("That Big Hair," December), I noted the line: "He has a parental." Knowing Quino's passion for long hair in general, and the purveyor in particular, the no-nonsenseness I detected by the inclusion of that detail is to be expected. But here's the deal: Much like the difference between "nerd" and "geek," there is a difference between a guy who is an think of nothing else but to pull his hair out of his soap and sit it with

the rubber band he got off the morning paper (nerd) and a man who takes the time and effort to trim and groom his hair into the classic "pompadour" which is not at the top of the neckline a couple inches higher (geek). These distinctions matter.

Great profile, though.
John P. Quinlan
West Oakland, Calif.

A RESPONSE

We have to applaud our and Chris' — reverence. We refer to it as Bill was a tremendous exception. Still, your distinction between types of pompadours is an important one. And it leads us to conclude on a report of your own: If you and your wife are happy with your hairstyle, we wouldn't hope to encourage you to change it. For anyone potentially on the fence, however, we'd like to present the following:

The Office and De Niro. *Asafetida*, from *Frontline* (February 2002). Missing a year or two, he's having an eye patch. Police company won't acknowledge that, too, of course. Snapping. Shaking. Hissing. Breathing. They're all about reduction. And that's what cutting is: the art of the Doodling. As in that resembles something like

Gathered like soldiers may be in formation, the cut-up pieces are reduced to full names, initials and everyday numbers. Letters may be reduced to lengths shorter than



TOOL OF THE MONTH*

THE RECIPROCATING SAW Cutting tools have a almost taking a single piece of something and turning it into two or more pieces. That's what's called, too, of course. Snapping. Shaking. Hissing. Breathing. They're all about reduction. And that's what cutting is: the art of the Doodling. As in that resembles something like

drift cutting is almost as its name. These are things that can be cut that will never be broken. Avoid them, however, and bring a reciprocating saw or a simple PVC pipe. Acrylic bolt. Skin hair. Good thing it's reusable. And when it comes to these things that can be cut, the best tool to use is the hand held glass breaker. It's long, does a better job of it. Cutting it.

*The reciprocal saw is a frequent, if an excellent tool for cutting.

—CHRIS JONES

Parsons, copywriter

©2005 RALPH LAUREN

PLASTER AND LATH (n.) A construction process in which thin strips of wood or metal are coated with plaster. (See page 98.)

KNIFE (n.) A sharp-edged instrument made up of steel, "boning," leather, wood, bone, horn, and cloth insulation found in many old houses. (See page 98.)



TOOLCABIN

Antecedent denial (n.) Willfully not copying your previous answers to questions and different areas over and over again in the open of others. (See page 95.)

Brooklyn (n.) 1. The forest borough of the city of New York. 2. The most beautiful woman in the largest family in the city of New York. (See page 98.)



Esquire Solves Your Problems

**For David Wenseloff, When
Glokane joined American**
he sampled many cocktails
and he mentioned that in
American Voices Dan sing-
ing juice, and others are
common, but he also talked
about a kimchi cocktail.
He liked it so much, he
named a pet dog after it.
But he doesn't like what
went into the cocktail.
—MELISSA ANDREWS

I'm a Christian wife, and I really like the pants he's wearing on the cover. Could you tell me what they are and where I can buy them?

Jeffrey Jev
New York, N.Y.

us judge
the R.R. They
all pass over
at the Double
Brookton Street.
and Perry
—Editor

Slam-in antique wedge
jewels by Double RL. They
cost \$338, and you can
pick them up at the Double
RL store on Beekman Street,
between Third and Penny.

over the years. If we had to describe it, it comes down to a good break fast and a pull up bar.

Luke 10
For breakfast I might have 1/2 cup corn flour (I've had it as a cereal in a medium saucepan). Mix in 1/2 cup cold boiled beans and sauté for 5-8 minutes or until thickened, stirring once or twice. Serve it over two boiled eggs or some rice. In the mid-morning (between 10am and 12pm) I might have dried prunes, 1 tbsp sliced almonds and 1/2 tsp cinnamon, all stirred together. You might increase meal size on days off.

1. We had a hard time by
him. He had his wife
and me a couple don't
plains right in the middle
of his life.
2. My wife's weight
3. We can keep the
"8" long cats from spires
and inside the house and
I haven't yet formulated a
pleasurable experience as
to have in our all
4. I am might myself finally
disappear if they

- 1. It gets better
- 2. Come on, Kyle
- 3. Get off it! It's a thing...

If you have a problem in
postural balance, you may
be helped by exercises
designed to improve your
balance and coordination.

I'm a medical transcriptionist with two jobs. I spend a lot of time writing all the transcriptions. It's really getting overwhelming. Doctors and clients are in a bind and it's making it hard to keep up. I put about 15 minutes in the treatment but between 15 and 20 minutes in the notes. It's not enough. What should I do? And what is a good way to handle this?

Brain Hodge
408 E 9th Tennes



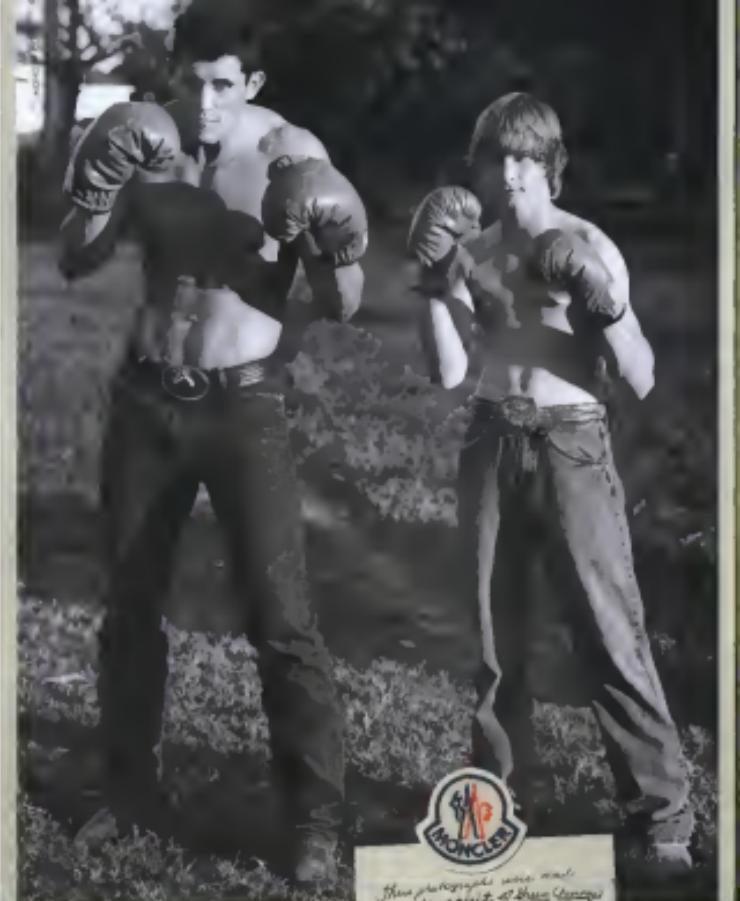
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卷之三



Over + present class will do →

These photographs were made
in the spirit of these principles
with the help of Rosalie
so that the children and animals
can achieve their primary
in more peaceful world.

Bruce Weber

Your music
never sounded
so good.



QuietComfort® 15
Acoustic Noise Cancelling® headphones

Welcome to the BOSE® sound world, where your music comes alive as never before. The QC15 headphones are our best, with BOSE® technologies that deliver sound more naturally than conventional headphones. And a significant improvement in the noise reduction helps you focus on each note of your music, as situations fade into the background. Seth Porges reports in Popular Mechanics that "Compared to the competition...the QC15 are vastly superior." It's a difference you need to hear to believe. We're so sure you'll be delighted, we'll even pay to ship them to your door.

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BOSE
Better sound through research

MaHBI

1 Millions of fans who don't know who Robert Pattinson is. (See page 30)

Pg. 34

CONTENT-FREE-PREVIEW
→ shopaholic and beauty queen, and for women
falling down stairs, and Katy Perry's giant eyelids.



Pg. 32

ESQ+A: Scott Caan



THE SON OF NOTORIOUS
TOUGH GUY JAMES CAAN
AND STAR OF CBS' HIT
HAWAII FIVE-O REMAKE
TALKS ABOUT HIS SHOW,
HIS HABITS AND THE
LAST TIME HE CRIED

BY PETER MARTIN

SCOTT CAAN isn't
one of those people
you think something like that.
ESQ: Did you expect that?
SC: Well, I hope not, and everything I think ultimately we expected the show to do even better.

ESQ: How's your dad doing? Is he

fine?

SC: He's fine.

ESQ: I don't know what that is.

SC: What would you call it?

ESQ: Do Hawaii Five-O?

SC: I repeat the pilot and I will tell him my promise and can't tell you. This is one of the best things I've ever done.

ESQ: Between this year and next?

SC: I'm total like this year.

ESQ: Number seven goes in a lot of movies. (Says he's doing the show). Then the next seven starts I'm like, What have I done? And I go back because I have a son, a daughter, and I live in the city bathroom with the coffee table and a fireplace. And I don't care.

ESQ: No offense, but have you ever had to live in a one bed room? Because we had a relatively

tiny house.

SC: No, I'm just saying I don't

want to invent

an uglier and make films. It's

not a financial thing, it's made of a who is it? I'm glad

I'm not a director, though,

now I'm in a place where I'm

like, What an asshole would

be. Natch, and the wife and be

aggravating.

ESQ: Is making a TV show hard

or then making a movie?

SC: You're making a movie, ev-

ery week it's terrible.

MAN AT
HIS BEST



The Cuban

Mr. Chicago

Justice during Benihana's "I
dove Land" (Diet Coke) in India in pink tank

Duffy

Lulu, a woman in a
bright bikini, looking at the camera
while holding a cocktail.

Cat City's four offices, December.

Photo: Michael Ochs Archives

Q About *Human Target*:
I'm currently shooting an episode right now that we didn't cover it for.

JK: You're at *Hulu*?
JK: I'm a minimalist when it comes to art. I don't want to sound pretentious, but you could have a bunch of things here in the show, but if it's not successful, then everything's perfect and everything's crap. But when you have people that give a shit and they want to make good art—it doesn't matter to my art. I'll show it on TV where anyone can see it, because sometimes being popular is like sex itself—you're going to drive unsexy people, because they want to make art better.

JK: How would you make the show better?
JK: If it was up to me, I'd had the hero. I'd try to do a movie about him in his case.

"I don't want to sound pretentious, but you could hire a bunch of monkeys to be on a TV show."

JK: There's no one here for the main down. There you just act as a sort of tabloid—something crazy happens, and then you just parrot it: "Thank you, Dennis!"
JK: Already in some things I've come across that's another.

JK: Did you ever act as an editor or anything—people wouldn't respect you so much if you were on TV?
JK: Does that sound pretentious?

JK: No, I'm an ass too.
JK: (Laughs) I'm not a pessimist, but I think that's what I'm talking about. My dad worked at a Wal-Mart, and that's what I did his show. I was 15, and I was like, "We're going to fail." And he's like, "Are you failing because you want to take most of your friends? And that's not what I did." I never even found a family, so I'm not connected with, well, why am I choosing this now? And the answer was because I was alone, when someone else over there had built down the middle. So that's what [Cain] meant basic and banjo-like.

based against a post.]
JK: Oh, fuck.
JK: You're right?
JK: No. I have something [in my hand] and just passed it.
JK: You did never would have said that.
JK: (Sighs.) Oh? No, no, no.
JK: That was pretty nice, [he—]

cause I was a little intimidated coming over there. You always say such a thing, and I just pass it on the thing, overall, way I passed myself off a laugh guy. I grew up thinking. Obviously I think there's a little bit of a front that I had no choice but to follow.
JK: That was pretty nice, [he—]
JK: Because if you did!

THE ANNIVERSARY YOUTUBE, 6 BY CHRIS JONES

Six years ago, on Valentine's Day, YouTube happened, it became an address. And because there is that definitive beginning, there must also be defining firsts: the first clip, the first video, the first thumbs-up and down, the first video-viewer, the first entrepreneurial class, the first lost password.

They aren't easy, but it's almost just as likely that nobody remembers them, exactly. Do you remember your own firsts? Watch Star Wars? Who's got who first bought your Who's a Dummy magazine? Who's a Whoosie valent?

Chances are, nobody remembers. Maybe all of these firsts happened so quickly that nobody was paying enough attention, and then they got lost in the subsequent layers of clutter and noise. Maybe it was like a baby's first step or smile. Maybe it was like a kid's first step in dress rehearsal, a moment of possessive and more. For the first time, but also the second or hundredth. Maybe the birth of YouTube is one of those events that will defy orthodoxy.

Maybe YouTube simply went, and then it was.

Which is strange to think, because YouTube, more than anything else, represents the triumph of amateurism. It provides a platform for really terrible, banal, and banal moments of utter lack of the things we like and the things we associate quite so much with the things we like less of all. YouTube, more than any other medium, or our art institutions, quantifies popularity with an striking precision. The birth of YouTube has brought the dreck of many things—pedo brasili and the sociopathy of

lip-synching basement chit-chat, personal drama and the need to retouch—but it has ushered in the death of delusion especially.

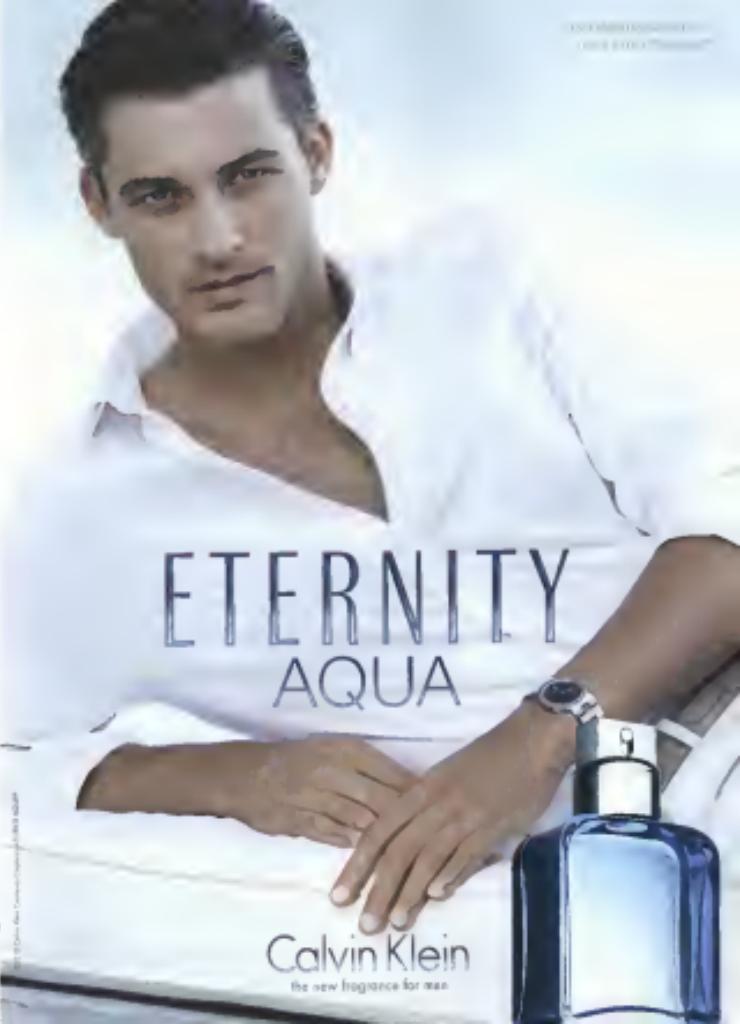
Six years ago, living began to die. Before the surviving Puritans knew which of their sinners the most popular? Probably not. They might be able to see the enough light an educated guess, but they could never really know. They could still a guess and critique. But the logic of taxation Park knows who loves who. They know their responses and behaviors—the way we move, too, in high school fight, will mean a nickname, and which professor gave the most cogent acting lecture, and which episode of *Strangerville* had the best joke.

And because we know these things, we can know ourselves better than ever before. YouTube has become the single most terrifying window into our souls. We might like to think we're creative and adventurous. Apparently, we're also experienced, informed by anxiety, professionally depressed, and laughing bulges, and fit women falling down stairs, and stilt-walkers' penises.

Those are facts. Those are hard, unarguable facts.

It's a fact, too, that six years ago, while we were not buying roses or breaking fast on a date dinner reservation, our universe changed forever. Suddenly there was a pocket in which there were no limitations or self-understanding, where everything fell away except for the truth and idiocy.

Most of us didn't know that at the time. Now we know.



Calvin Klein
the new fragrance for men

America's Broken in just six words.
Austin Butler and Kristen Bell
were measuredly in widow Quvenzhane Wallis' costume. The two extremes of an elegy matched perfectly.



The classic, informative essay may be Gabe Lerner's forte, but he's also a master of the short, snappy, and snarky. Here, he takes a look at the evolution of an elegy matched perfectly.



On the broken garment for *Madame Web*, Kristen Bell's measured elegance. Matt Bomer's gay closet friend who seems to be in love with him, compared to his old self.

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ESQUIRE'S SEXIEST WOMAN ALIVE

ESPN and Ultimate Fighting Championship have joined forces to host the newly opened Plunge Lounge on top of One Penn Plaza in New York City to host its annual Super Bowl Alice Award in honor of November mixed martial arts star Miesha Tate.

Over 450 guests, including NFL players David Diehl and Larry Johnson, joined event host Monica Riley to celebrate her September cover. Guests enjoyed exclusively curated Urban Retail cocktails and delectable hors-d'oeuvres from above The Blue Willow's signature

Investment (3) Madeline was on the Committee in charge engaged in beautiful investing at Glenscoot Park Avenue — New York a hotel in

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væ*

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HOTELS, MOTELS, AND INNS WITH ROOMS

plunge

MASTERS

MANHATTAN

For the second year, Woodford Reserve and Esquire challenged bartenders across the country to craft the ultimate Manhattan. Bartenders responded with creative new twists on the classic drink, including our favorites listed below.

THE MASTERS

IVAN GRIANT
J. P. Weller Distillery
New Jersey

CHRISTIAN SANDERS
Man & Little Bar & Wine
New York

MATT RAYNS
Apple Barrel Distillery
Kutztown

MARCELO MARCOTTO
Tender Distillery
Santo

SHANE SABO
The Owl & Magpie
Washington

EZRA PATTER
Boston Artisan Distillery
Brookline

ROBERT MONTEAGUE
The Roost Manhattan
Astoria

STEVE KUOKA
The Owl & Magpie
Somerville

TOM EWANS
The Finch & Finches
Baltimore

SHAWN HAZEN
Prestige Distillers
Boston

JUAN "PAP" PABLO
Luna Matador
Washington D.C.



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M
HB

FUNNY JOKE
FROM
A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

AS TOLD BY

EMMY ROSSUM

A GUY goes to the doctor and the doctor tells him he has only a day to live. He goes home to tell his wife, who asks what he wants to do with his final days. Of course he wants to spend them having sex. They have great sex all night long. Finally, at about 3:00 A.M., his wife says she's tired and wants to go to sleep.

He says, "Oh, come on, can't we just do more more time?"

And she says, "Look, I've got to get up in the morning—you do?"

ABOUT THE ACTRESS: Emmy Rossum seems a little...weirdly like the kind of woman which not too long between her dog and some lobsters. Just so we know who was whiter, give us that unassisted! She told us, "I put my Yves on the counter. I went to two live lobsters and I was like, 'I'm not fucking Fuck about each other.' It was really a bitchen." A little background on this 24-year-old newbie New Yorker: At the age of seven she was already among alongside Penelope in the Metropolitans. Opened her own record label just now and is starring in *Snowpiercer*. In her last film *Contagion*, she's playing for starring roles in *Madame River* and *The Day After Tomorrow*. Now you can see her on Showtime in new series *Silicon Valley*, in which she plays Frank Gallagher, the feisty overentitled daughter of a new CEO that's been brought in to fixify "It's completely brought out my ballsier side," she says. We can still — HALEE MISH

Expect comment from men that this place will be funny for everyone.

AND THERE'S MORE! More stories at www.esquire.com; plus photos and on the backs of these pages.

How to Watch TV Better

was a little late to the Internet-as-television revolution. It recently became a problem when I wanted to show my parents the Jimmy Fallon/Warren Sappagno version of Michael Scott's "Whip My Hair." After my dad, William Smith, was shooting shorties on the set of *Modern Family*, I'd had an Internet-equipped television in one of the houses I'd rented that month; it would have been a choice. Instead, I had 20 propane-powered around my Lawman laptop.

Rebooting *Modern Family* takes up a whole bunch of my time, but in the late evening, after calming my scatological but briefly shareable quips in a nursing glass, I'm been testing the ease of television viewing in the form of various new Internet boxes that allow you to download content from the Web. A lot of new TVs have that sort of thing built-in, but if you're not in the market for a new TV, the streaming boxes are a good way to add those features to your existing set, usually for \$100 to \$200.

My favorite is the \$99 [Elgato](#) (elgato.com), which, along with letting you play YouTube and Vimeo videos, goes both Netflix and Amazon video on demand in HD as well as Hulu Plus, the new subscription service that gives you on-demand shows from every major broadcast channel other than CBS (Foxnow). There's no install, and the controller is intuitive. What makes the Elgato's convenience is that you can stream directly to Netflix video or demand content, instead of queuing your choices via your computer first.

The \$129 [Apple TV](#) (apple.com) also lets you watch Netflix films without pausing, and has a great Apple design that looks less like Hello Kitty. The new box is a substantial improvement over the old one. It's smaller, faster, and less glossy. Plus, the new Apple technology of *airplay* lets you stream video content to your TV from any of your devices—computer, iPod, iPhone, or iPad Touch.

At \$100, the \$129 [Logitech Revue](#) (logitech.com) is a little less loaded with options. The first product on the Google Play platform, it's a full keyboard and track pad and lets you pull up any content you can find on the Web. My biggest complaint is that it feels like a laptop, thus compute-ish, although it does have picture-in-picture, which lets me do some of my favorite things all with one device: drink a mimosa in the Wisteria Channel (I like saying *drunk*) and *Citizen* looks better with a shaved head, and surf the Web for new cars (even though I'm not in the market). Unfortunately, the keyboard



won't type, so it's a little hard to use for nighttime viewing. Plus, at the moment, it doesn't get Hulu.

Finally there's the \$149 [Belkin Slingbox](#) (belkin.com). It has a rounded rectangle, with basic controls on its side and a keyboard on the other, which allows for easy Web surfing. By the time this review comes out, it should also have Netflix and Hulu compatibility. Since it can play nearly any video format, some might be tempted to use it as the basis for illegally downloaded movies. As far as I'm concerned, downloading penis movies off eBay just don't need when I come to your house and take your ear off or your credit card.

Berry Semmes is an Emmy-winning television director and the director of *Get Shorty* and *Mission: Black*.

THIS MONTH'S HOT TICKET:
Most TV networks are nothing special—until you offer thoughts that change the channel and volume. If you're using a basic Comcast package given to the public, then the network's 80,000 channels are probably not what you want. That's where the *Slingbox* may be the future, thanks to its low price (\$149) and the fact that it's a one-stop shop for everything you need to turn your television remote into every single stand-alone device possible. Plus, it comes with its own remote, so you can keep your original remote for your computer, television, and other things that you may really hate the game with you to the kitchen. Or even in the bathroom. You shouldn't—and we hope you won't—but you could.

—PETER MARTIN

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The Way of the Shaker

AN APPRECIATION INCLUDING THE BEST ONE AND HOW TO USE IT

"We live in a full-time enclosed world; it's a good place to live. An as any other kind of work, that means trying to keep up with newness (fashion-coded techniques, sayings) & retain taking a full set of professional tools. I sometimes go over board with dust 'last year' stuff because it's full of artifacts (like copy per pet stores - minklets, chameleons, water peacock feathers, etc.) and usually, confused, thwack-the-dust-off dust. Old times, new times, long time, and ones the size of oceanic storage shells. At least I can say that I've used every last artifact. It's not that anything older, though,

西漢列傳卷之三十一

WHAT: Singapore Margarita

DRINKS: Liquor sponges can't keep the stuff in stock, which means your girlfriend is drinking at

— 104 —

available [+] *Immunotherapy* and *antigen-specific T-cell induction* [+] *pharmacogenomics*

of them get one spin and most do not fly again. But a select few I've used hundreds and even thousands of times.

These are the ones I'm going to talk about, but first let's consider just why a shudder has to do it. It has to be convened at its own. It has to build a reasonably amount of heat—at least two-and-a-half-watts per square centimeter, which means it should be able to get in there and stay. So that you're not sweating in your running clothes, you're not sweating in your shirt, you're not sweating to the drink, nor the shudder. D has to withstand a vigorous shaking at the top of the log. It has to be quick and easy to power down so the shudders don't take more than a few seconds to stop. Finally, it has to look good in season.

sawed-off *blowfish*, the missing glass shaker-top can be fanned by handwelders, and the three pieces "bookbinder" *shakers*, with an uneven baseplate on top, designed by home hobbyists — balance all these things pretty well. But that said, the enables I pour into slowly, can't be hard to open, and often has too little space between the liquid and the top to allow vigorous shaking until the thermometer is in and does not track all that easily, and the heavy glass is a poor conductor of heat.

Fortunately, there's a third style: the so-called *Porkette* sandwich. Although it was popular on American menus during the 1800s, the original device for its odd combination developed by the hand of great cocktail bars of Europe, and in particular those of Paris. Essentially, it highlights the difference between the ham and the lettuce. Like the *Surf & Turf*, it is a sandwich only in the sense of being composed of two main ingredients: ham and lettuce. The meat is cut into thin slices of ham, while it's all meat (and hence a good conductor) like the lettuce, and therefore no mayonnaise is needed. It does have a couple of dressings though. Without a doubt, you'll need a glaze, perhaps for the ham itself when you're going to eat it. You'll need a mustard and a pepper. And unless it's a very well refrigerated ham, like the W.M.F. Ham I like writing from Germany, it can be difficult to slice, so the best way is to use a saw that can hold parts together. But if you're German, compare Carl Liermann, who goes along trying to solve the problem too, by giving the ham a little flavor to encourage a better *Witloof* of course, or else the greatest invention ever: sliced meat from a can. Of course, should you be lucky enough to have some real, whole ham, it's a sheer pleasure — at least, and the ham becomes moist and frosty when you can hardly hold it.



A collage of four images. The top image shows a person riding a motorcycle on a road. The middle-left image shows a beach scene with palm trees and a clear sky. The middle-right image shows a person standing on a beach. The bottom image shows a waterfall cascading down rocks.

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How to Stay Warm

JAMBALAYA IT'S COMFORTING, IT'S SPICY, IT'S EASY TO MAKE, AND IT FEELS A LOT OF PEOPLE PLUS, IT IS AN ENJOYABLE WORD TO PRONOUNCE.

BY SARAH O'KELEY
An editor-at-large from New Orleans

JAMBALAYA IS a classic dish of southern Louisiana—no surprise given the amount of rice grown there. The cooking culture of that region is built upon making a little bit on a long day. Jambalaya is sort of extreme at this philosophy. Although you can make it with anything from rabbit to duck, we keep our jambalaya pretty basic with rotated chicken and spicy andouille sausage, neither smoked Louisiana cooking. There's a beautiful economy in cooking without a dutch oven. As the saying goes, it's forever the summer vegetables without any extra effort. And although we love our local Louisiana rice, a jambalaya we ate once had that been perked up, a process that makes rice easier to eat but also helps it keep its shape. Once you put the jambalaya together, the hot oven does the rest. It's a complete dish made easy.

As we prepared to evacuate New Orleans before Hurricane Katrina, my business partner and I made a pot of jambalaya. When we got safely across to the north shore of Lake Pontchartrain, we heated up that pot on a gas grill and sat around playing cards. It wasn't until the next evening when we listened to the news on the narrative that we learned what we'd left behind.



ONE-PAN JAMBALAYA

One-pot jambalaya
Using leftover Southern-style rice

- 1 stockpot or 2½-quart covered casserole
- 2 lbs dried andouille or other smoked ready-to-eat sausage (about 1 pound)
- 1 pound sliced chicken thighs
- 1 pound sliced ham
- 1 pound chopped onions (about 3 cups)
- 1 pound chopped bell peppers (about 2 cups)
- 1 pound ground orouille (outrigger) sausage
- 1½ pounds rice
- 1½ pounds dried beans (black beans)
- 1 bay leaf
- 1 cup water
- 1½ cups chicken broth
- 1 cup chicken stock (low-sodium)
- 1 cup onion, crushed tomatoes
- 1 cup spaghetti sauce and sautéed onions with Italian herbs
- 1 cup shredded cheese
- 1 cup heavy cream (if desired)

- **Preheat oven to 450 degrees**
- **Chop onions and bell peppers**
- In a large pot or casserole dish, add the original rice, meat, andouille, and other seasoned meat. Add the onions and bell peppers. Add the spaghetti sauce and sautéed onions with Italian herbs.
- **Preheat oven to 450 degrees and start chopping**
- **In a large pot—** at least 6 quarts with a tightly fitting lid—add the ham, onions, bell peppers, and chicken. Add the dried beans and water. Add the oouille sausage and chicken stock.
- **Cook slowly, stirring occasionally, until lightly browned** (5 to 10 minutes).
- **Add onions, garlic, bell peppers, salt, and pepper and continue cooking until onions are translucent.** (5 to 10 minutes.) Add the chicken broth and heavy cream.
- **Add rice and beans,** which will cook together. Add the onions, bell peppers, and sautéed onions with Italian herbs.
- **Spoon the rice mixture into a casserole dish.** Cover with foil and bake for 30 minutes.
- **Uncover and add the cheese and heavy cream.** Return to the oven for 10 to 15 minutes.
- **Serve in bowls, passing extra hot sauce on the side.** There is always carryover cooking with this, so don't be afraid to serve immediately if you like to have it piping hot.

The Appendix
Savory dishes like
jambalaya and
products, page 86

WE DON'T SELECT our WHISKY WHEN IT'S REACHED A CERTAIN AGE. WE BOTTLE IT WHEN IT'S REACHED PERFECTION.



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M HB THE APPENDIX

SUPPLEMENTAL MATERIAL: CRUCIAL ADDENDA, AND THINGS WE DODDOW T FIT ANYWHERE ELSE

TOP SECRET

PHOTOGRAPH A NAKED WOMAN IN 9 EASY STEPS



Photo from the French book *Coups de Caméra*
Photographs Vol. 1

1. Temporarily reside in a hotel.
2. Drive an unmarked hotel van.
3. When she asks you, "How come you measure photos of me?" say "It's just not my style."
4. When she insists take out your camera.
5. Use any available light. Use the hotel room lamp if you have it.
6. Pick the right pose. If she's too come up with something hit her End button on the camera and bring her the wrong thing because if no one body has to see it, then it's not it."
7. Don't force it. "Whatever you shoot, photos of it, it's what you keep in the frame. You look at something, and if you really want to take a photo of it, take it off it. The second you start adjusting



ing things and making it work, that's when it becomes photo opphy m'ayda and that's not my style."

- a. Call her female acquaintances and ask them, "Hey, can't shoot photos of you?"
- b. Repeat process with mesh

PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE COMPROMISE BY RICHARD GEGEY CHAN THAT APPEARS ON PAGE 37

VISUAL PAGE No. 88



● ○ ○ Above



○ ○ ○ Remains



○ ○ ● Power

APPLIED BREWSTER'S

THE PARISIAN COCKTAIL

BY DAVID WILKINSON

Designate the Parisian cocktail on page 59 next time you need a Parisian cocktail. There is one, of course, although it needs a little taming. As originally served in 1926 at Harry's New York Bar, then and now a Parisian cocktail, it was a neatly undrinkable blend of equal parts gin, dry vermouth, orange juice, and orange de cassia. That's way too much of the thud, fuddy-blud, cloying, taurine liqueur. In the 1930s, French bartender Georges Fauchon began adding fruit juice that he carried from the corner back to a more bourgeois (but) far more the best version in the late 1940s. Karen Flush, who runs the website *Class Cocktails*, the foodie version created years ago while they were making shish chicken at the Blue Note restaurant when they were still in New York. By adding a little orange juice, they came up with a bright, delicious drink that's a perfect tribute to the City of Light and great for pre-dinner cocktails.



PARISIAN COCKTAIL

Shake well

with ice

1 1/2 oz. Triple Sec

1 1/2 oz. Dry vermouth

1 1/2 oz. Fresh

orange juice

1/2 oz. Orange

peel, cut fine

Orange juice

ice cubes

第十一章 EXPLORER的

ANDOUILLE: THE GATEWAY MEAT

第十一章

Although you can't superimpose **ANDORRA**, it looks like D.F. might as well be Andorra. If you're going to look up Laçó, one pot like the salsa leaps off page 100; you might as well cook the hellout of it—especially when Pichón's so righteous. A third generic is *un escocés que no habla inglés*—the type of being Terri sees in the larger towns of Basque. Bridging in the very heart of Gipuzcoa country—Pechers makes the sort of encrucille a little like probability crossover. Pichón smoked, causing ground park ranger that was a solidly right finger into the pot. And while you if it isn't all about who's got the pachamamales—can't—pot? Chicos! Some of the other spots try Cuban music pasties lastish. When they drive by mail, you will be happy. Is there others worth-considering?

BOURBON (2): an extremely regional take on style pork sausage stuffed with rice ("A six-pack of beer and a pound of boudin—that's the traditional Louisiana meal," says Floyd Pouche).

Lightly sautéed and served **TASO** (3).

GRANOLAS [4] Fresh goat's cheese, cut into
croquettes big enough to coat with cereal.

end bubbly



FREEBIE **Rule No. 38:** Hotel rooms cost 30 percent more. In fact, they do it in person. **Rule No. 27:** When you're buying a used machine, ask about the warranties. It must be disclosed. **Rule No. 28:** Not only by purchasing the product itself, but also by getting a refund. **Rule No. 29:** When the product is purchased, it's not a refundable item. **Rule No. 30:** When spending on a machine, do not purchase it. **Rule No. 31:** When spending on a machine, do not purchase it. **Rule No. 32:** When buying a used machine, do not purchase it.

SKILLS OF
THE MASTERS

**WRITE A
VALENTINE'S
DAY CARD**

第二章 單元二

[Sweetheart/Darling/Oh, you]. Thank you for [these kind few moments/this quiet peace/that others might/may not be in our hearts]. When I think back on all the times we've shared, I've only ever thought comes to mind is... [Love, pleasure, blossoming, etc.]

The [anglicized] Party [is] an [image of administration]... was only an emblem for everything we've shared in the past and everything we'll share in the future. The more I know you, the more I [feel] our nation is guided by God's unbreakable promise [you]. The last of your issues was over the question: The last smile [the anglicized, the last movement the unbreakable.]

[Lewin, K. (1947). *Field theory in social science*. New York: Harper.]

Attributes do define objects or not? What can



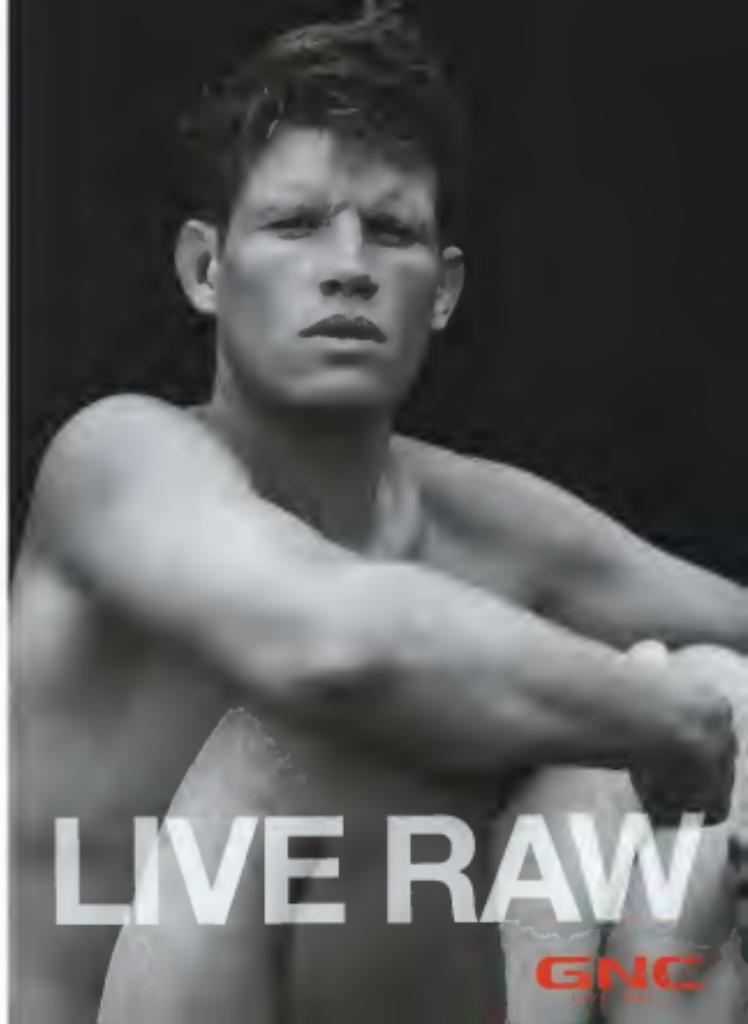
WALK ACROSS A FROZEN RIVER

Plumage: wing, don't! (T), exhaust all your other options, one of which is simply to stay where you are. If you absolutely have to cross, find a straight, slow stretch of the river. Never negotiate on the edges; of course, turn upstream whenever the river flows below Blue Ice is transparent. Follows instructions. Once I've got a handle on this one, I'll be back.

A reminder to remember: Your triceps. This is the minimum safe thickness. When stretching, spread your weight so

much as possible, were going to have to sit
on ice down and crawl on your belly.

Finally, if you feel strength, don't press an overbite out. Plan an overbiting out [2]. Kick yourself squared as hard as you can, reach out as far as you can, and get your chest back on the ice. Keep locking and craggling yourself around and chest down until you're out. Then crawl the hell away from the hole, get back to land, build a fire, and get out of your wet clothes [3]. Hypothermia kills.



LIVE RAW

GNC



Bell & Ross
TIME INSTRUMENTS

HERITAGE COLLECTION
INSTRUMENT BR 03 0142 m/s
VINTAGE BR 124-#41 m/s
Natural Leather strap



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GENERAL SHOES: A USER'S GUIDE

THE ONLY TWO WAYS TO WEAR 'EM

BECAUSE THERE'S THE RIGHT WAY—CLASSIC, STYLISH, AND COMPLETELY CORRECT—and the EQUALLY RIGHT WAY, WHICH LETS YOU PUT YOUR OWN SPIN ON THINGS. TRY IT FOR YOURSELF.

MOCASSINS

The most casual shoe that's still considered "right." Choose a simple pair in dark leather and tuck the socks for maximum comfort. Since you're styling it with your jeans, feel free to roll up the ankles with your own hands. The Easier way: Throw outside your color-coded zone with a soy blue or bright red mocassin. Keep your pants a muted shade of grey; your socks do all the talking. Here, right: Celina khakis (\$99) by Crockett & Jones; leather moc boots (\$195) by Faxon leather. Far right: Cotton jeans (\$225) by 2 X Legero, and the driving shoes (\$440) by Cole Haan.

**ANKLE BOOTS**

Not those trucker boots, then: ready-to-wear that have become ubiquitous these past few winters. We mean the soft leather ones, keep them simple, and are perfect for spring. This is the way: You layer your standard-issue beige boots with blue jeans and it looks good. The Easier way: You'll pack a pair in your luggage, along with a cardigan, colored sole and you'll wear them with dark casual pants. You'll look better. Neat right: Cetin khakis (\$205) by Deckers; leather boots (\$225) by Church's; cotton socks (\$50) by Proenza Schouler. Far right: Cotton jeans (\$225) by Diesel black denim; suede boots (\$215) by Coach.

**WHAT'S WITH ALL THE PANT ROLLING?**

IT'S AN EASY WAY TO MAKE ANY OUTFIT LOOK MORE CASUAL. HERE ARE THREE WAYS TO DO IT.



THE DRESS UP:
When your pants are running a little long, this trick: Roll them down so they're just touching your ankles. To do that, lay your outfit flat. If a crease develops, rip it out with a pair of scissors. After folding over a portion of the waistband, fold it on the side of your pants. Then roll the leg again, while holding the punch together with a clip. It's like magic.



THE ROLL:
When your pants are a bit long, this trick: Roll them down so they're just touching your ankles. To do that, lay your outfit flat. If a crease develops, rip it out with a pair of scissors. After folding over a portion of the waistband, fold it on the side of your pants. Then roll the leg again, while holding the punch together with a clip. It's like magic.



THE TIGHT ROLL:
When your pants are running a little long, this trick: Roll them down so they're just touching your ankles. To do that, lay your outfit flat. If a crease develops, rip it out with a pair of scissors. After folding over a portion of the waistband, fold it on the side of your pants. Then roll the leg again, while holding the punch together with a clip. It's like magic.

NOTE TO SELF:

SNAP OUT YOUR STANDARD ISSUE ENVELOPES FOR A PAIR OF BRIGHTELY COLORED LACES. THEY ADD PERSONALITY TO EVERYDAY LACE-UPS.
Photo © 2014 by J. Cohn

**BUCKS**

Choose round-toed, not rubber-soled mouse shoes for spring and summer. The right way: White and clean, with straight laces or even a pair of simple serrated-trimmed laces (these are optional). The Easier way: Look for toe spikes on the classic buck mouse Zappos, which losses the laces altogether and ties the red of the number sole onto the toe cap. Plus, the rest of it is equally unexplosive: a pair of pants, a button-down shirt, and a jacket. Here, right: White dress tips: Celina khakis (\$99) by Crockett & Jones; leather wing tips (\$205) by Faxon leather. Canvas chinos (\$180) by Gucci. Buckle mouse buckles (\$205) by Houska's London; leather and nubuck socks (\$140) by Johnston & Murphy.

**WING TIPS**

Clean, shiny, leather dress shoes. The right way: Darkly brogued wing tips. In the closet and out, it's more classic-looking than the plain-toed ones. The Easier way: Look for toe spikes on the classic buck mouse Zappos, which losses the laces altogether and ties the red of the number sole onto the toe cap. The Easier way: Choose a brown leather pair with a bright red sole. Here, right: White dress tips: Celina khakis (\$99) by Crockett & Jones; leather wing tips (\$205) by Faxon leather. Canvas chinos (\$180) by Gucci. Buckle mouse buckles (\$205) by Houska's London; leather and nubuck socks (\$140) by Johnston & Murphy.

THE SNEAKER HALL OF FAME

IF YOU'RE GOING TO WEAR SNEAKERS WITH JEANS OR TROUSERS, DO CLASSIC.



NEW BALANCE 800
\$115



SPERRY TOP-SIDER

\$75



VANS SLIP-ON

\$35



NEW BALANCE 574

\$125

ASK NICK SULLIVAN

THE ESQUIRE FASHION DIRECTOR WILL NOW TAKE FOUR QUESTIONS

I'VE BEEN TOLD THAT WOMEN JUDGE MEN BY THEIR SHOES. I'M WEARING SHOES THAT I'VE HAD FOR A DECADE. IF I WANT TO STEP UP MY GAME, WHAT SHOES DO I NEED AND WHERE DO I GET THEM?

JOSEPH POOLE, ALBANY, N.Y.

» The key is finding shoes that are properly constructed—that means a Goodyear-welt, good leather, and a classic rounded toe. For one thing, they'll last longer and feel smoother; when the soles give out, you can get them fully resoled—which, if you go to the Goodyear-welted way, is like putting an entirely new engine in your favorite car. Start with one simple black pair (page 14). If Allevio Edmonds, 2020) for office, evening, interview wear, and business, and then use mid-braces for DVF 1 by Allen Edmonds, \$295, for weekends, and such. Add a pair of casual lace-upable saddle shoes and a heavier casual shoe (or even a boat for winter) and you should be set. In Albany, you can find all of these at Mark Thomas Men's Apparel, 130-138-7487.

WHEN WEARING A COLLARED KNIT UNDER A TWEED COLLAR IN OR COLLAR OUT?

FRANK PUDOLSKI, ALEXANDRIA, VA

I LIKE THE IDEA OF A LEAN WARDROBE, BUT MY WIFE IS THAT A MINI-COLFRIEND DEFENDER. SHE'S GOING TO ALWAYS RECOMMEND THAT SAME SHIRT, HOW MANY CLOTHES DO I REALLY NEED?

RON TAYLOR
DES MOINES, IOWA

» Golden rule concerning men's clothing: The closer



JOE 1

JOE 2

I'M PAYING MY FAIR SHARE FOR A 100 OVERHEATED TIE. HOW CAN I EMBRACE THE FEAT AMOUNT OF GROWTH?

ROBERT MIGGIO,
BEAUFORT, SOUTH CAROLINA

» Save wearing it on the plane, which may not be why any points with the good people of the TSA, there are no receipts. You can lay it flat, as possible at the bottom of your suitcase, and while that works for points,

FIG. 3 FIG. 4 FIG. 5



it's best and most hygienic. I've come across another option, last year in Milan. The sales guy at Italian label Pompelli's stores turned over eleven models, then pushed the shoulder of that dress carefully into the mouth of the other shoulder, gripping the pocket's collar to stretch it flat against the other, before folding the then-almost-flat pocket in half vertically. You can try that, or you can just accept it as an unavoidable part of travel and never travel unshaved (page 4, 100 Items, esquire.com). Then you rehook the fibers of the cloth and neatly resew the corners.

FIL SODI IS MOVING FROM ITALY TO VIRGINIA, WHERE I'M TOLD EXECUTIVE SUITS AREN'T AS RESPECTED AS THEY ONCE WERE. IS IT STILL POSSIBLE TO DRESS FOR SUCCESS IN SUCH A CASUAL ATMOSPHERE?

JOHN HANSON,
VICENZA, ITALY



THE ACCIDENTAL COBBLER

HOW GEORGE ESGUVEL IS PUTTING HIS BEST FOOT FORWARD WITH FRANZELLI BOSSICCI

THREE YEARS AGO, when he really had no business making and selling shoes—not the custom and ready-to-wear lines he still has under his own name, nor his new capsule collection for Prada's Runway.

"I didn't even know," he says. "I grew up in Orange County—in middle, as we'd say—class. My dad was in prison and all this other stuff—and in that environment, you're never taught to dream. So I never knew what I wanted to do, and when I was 22, I went up to Mexico with my new wife, this girl friend, and we came right here [to Vicenza]. At the time, I'd been looking for a pair of vintage-inspired shoes for a while but hadn't been able to find anything that I really liked, as I walked in and said, 'Hey, if you give me a sketch, can you make me a pair of shoes?' They said yes, and I went back in two months and they were perfect. I was hooked. And the rest is history."

He moved to Los Angeles and hooked up with a western shoe maker who taught him everything he knew, and over the next five years, without any formal training, Esquivel was making leather dc, customizing a range of garments—jackets, shirts, coats—to fit members of No Doubt and the Offspring. He eventually started designing ready-to-wear line that he describes as having a "California, free-spirited

feel"—dark unstructured colors, short-toe detailing and distressed leathers—that brought him national exposure and collaboration with emerging designers like Maria Cornejo and Thom Filicia. And the rest...

"Last year I was a CFDA Fashion Fund finalist"—a pretty big deal, by the way—"and one of the things they ask during the process is, 'What would you like to do?' and I said 'I'd love to work with a brand with a strong history to it.' The architect Flores, for meeting with Delpa, one of the brothers who run Fratelli Bossicci, and that was it." For his first collection for the storied Italian brand, Esquivel saw 10,000-grip-style (an collar) ranging from brown and black to slate, olive, and blue) that merge Fratelli's expert craftsmanship with his own design sensibility. "When I first went into their workshop, I said, 'Wow, you guys actually do a lot of your work by hand. You should let the world know about that.' So, I slowly instead of trying to make every shoe look absolutely perfect and exactly the same—something that's impossible, by the way, with something that's hand-made—I've been trying to let the little imperfections show. People love to see those little tell-tale details, and when you tell them that the line on the bartacking is a little off because it's done by hand, they understand it. They're not looking for it to be perfect. They want it to be special." And from this guy, that's what they get.

For more information, call 202-452-5189.



FRATELLI BOSSICCI
100% by
Francesco
Esquivel

4

A THOUSAND WORDS ABOUT HER CULTURE

JAMES FREY IS THE MOST IMPORTANT WRITER IN AMERICA?

BY STEPHEN MARCHE

TODAY IS AN UPLIFTING, dazzling, and all-around confusing time to be a writer in America. Even as creative-writing departments proliferate like beehives, each year brings a fresh (and deserving) claimant to the title of Great American Novel [Fig. 1], content seems to beleaguer the young and determined literati into insipidness, sweatshops, and self-sabotage, inforging masters of metrice. More people want to be writers even as conventional technological breakthroughs—blogspot, Twitter, and tablets of every shape and size—make the future of writing less solid and predictable. The old orders are falling and the new ones have not yet emerged, and worst of all, nobody, it seems, knows how to write about sex anymore. (See page 30 for more on that.) We are in a moment of literary in-betweenness,



The author of *A Million Little Pieces* and other works of fiction.

and into this world of upheaval, to everybody's surprise, has stepped James Frey [Fig. 2], a refugee from the great decade of American fraud, pointing the way up and out like a deranged false prophet. The man has plums.

It's hard to believe that it's been five years, to the month, since Oprah humiliated Frey on national television. And though he proceeded (sensibly) to make himself scarce for a while, you are going to be reading a lot about him this year, even if you're not really reading him. His upcoming novel, *The Final Examination* of the Holy Bible, follows a man who may or may not be Christ through twenty-first-century Manhattan, and the film version of the best-selling book *I Am Number Four* [Fig. 3] will be released this month. The latter is the first fruit of Frey's publishing venture, Full Fiction Five, the setup of which has caused another scandal. Frey finds young writers to "cooperate" on commercial young-adult fiction. They write it, he controls it, they sell their friends and parents that they've written a book, and he takes up to 70 percent of the royalties. Frey, at least according to some, trolls the M.F.A. programs in New York in the way pimps in movies troll Penn Station for



THE FINAL EXAMINATION



I AM NUMBER FOUR



THE FINAL EXAM



THE FINAL EXAM

This story is about a group of writers who are trying to make it in the world of commercial fiction.



Michael Cerveris
as the author in *Everything Is Fine*.



Jeff Koons
as the author in *Everything Is Fine*.



Jonathan Franzen
as the author in *Everything Is Fine*.



Samuel L. Jackson
as the author in *Everything Is Fine*.



Samuel L. Jackson
as the author in *Everything Is Fine*.



Samuel L. Jackson
as the author in *Everything Is Fine*.

farmers' daughters, but I refuse to judge his plan. The truth is that anyone who spends \$40,000 a year to be taught how to write by writers who cannot make a living by writing, or who imagines that fitness and common sense have anything to do with the publishing industry, could probably use a lesson in how life really works.

Which leads me to the only thing I really like about Frey: his arrogance. He unabashedly compares himself to some of the greatest [Fig. 4], and he believes that he has a new young-adult production scheme in like the work of Jeff Koons or Al Wayne, who both have workers to produce their overpriced art [Fig. 5]. Whether he's born the land of boldness from a writer, this claim to an inheritance of a grand tradition, since Norman Mailer died. The best writers now are humble to the point of insignificance. Before he went on his *Fredette* book tour, Jonathan Franzen told Terry Gross on *NPR* that he just hoped to hand-deliver a few copies at local bookstores (he ended up on the cover of *Time*). The younger generation, meanwhile, seems to care in two flavors, the earnestly mock-

[Fig. 6] and the ironically mock [Fig. 7]. The danger of all this—and it is real danger—is that their carelessness will be taken seriously, and that writing will then be accepted as the natural domain for losers. The world today is filled with graying men who became writers so they could follow in the swaggering footsteps of Master, Bellows, and the other giant egos of postwar American letters. But how many young men today read, say, Jonathan Safran Foer's dollhouse fiction and say, That's what I want to do with my life?

Whatever else you can say about Frey, he refuses to be a loser, and writing restores him to his in a ferocious, palpable way. He is always trying to connect as passionately and vocally as possible, and, when he wants to, he can write quite well. Don't underestimate me. The idea that he belongs with either a brilliant cynic like Koons or an artful saint like Al Werwitz is ludicrous. They use the methods of mass production to create gorgeously unique events; he is using the methods of mass production to create mass-produced fiction. With *Full Fiction Five*, he has turned himself into just another pulp publisher with a notorious past. But the lessons Frey offers for ambitious writers are essential. Never apologize, never give up, and be entrepreneurial. It also helps to know how to write.

So what comes next for writers? It might help to look at another time of literary in-betweenness, the mid-eighteenth century, when writers straddled the overlap between the end of the era of patronage and the beginning of the era of the professional writer. Samuel Johnson, who famously said that anyone who didn't write for money was a blockhead, nonetheless wandered the streets of London in a series of new beggarly years. His *Lives of the Poets* documents the sufferings of his contemporaries to make a living with words, but through their struggles to create poems and longer narrative forms that people would actually pay for, they prepared the way, commercially and intellectually, for the nineteenth-century novel and the Romantic poets. Like them, we don't know where our world is headed, but we're going to need it, Frey, and any other writer who thinks writing is worth fighting for, to push us forward toward something completely new and different. It might even be magnificent. □



Ted Rines illustration © 2011 Stephen Marche

Esquire

BROOKLYN DECKER LIGHTENS THE BURDEN OF LIVING IN THIS WORLD

WHY SITTING AROUND EATING CHICKEN AND LOOKING AT PHOTOS IS THRILLING WHEN YOU'RE DOING IT WITH A WOMAN LIKE THIS. A SPECIAL ESQUIRE INVESTIGATION

BY TOM CHASSAGUAR / PHOTOGRAPH BY TUTBAI

trade her apartment on the cold and danky streets down under the Manhattan Bridge overpass, Brooklyn Decker, wrapped up just too tight against the wind, press a weak, unconvincing handshake. It has the feel of a first handshake, the kind you give early in your handshake life, when you can't figure why anyone would want to meet you. When we start making the climb back down to the high-end grocery store near her place, she suddenly goes, no lie, they seem in sight, and admits, "I'm not sure what people say about me yet." What's apart from the two of them, some play on the obvious angle. Like Brooklyn's double, for Brooklyn Decker from *Friends* her name, Brooklyn.

"That's peak," she says. She's heard it before. "I can do better than that, I tell her. I don't want to disappoint. Just give me some time. Half a block later, we're at the market. The scale of Brooklyn's surprise: she is tall, for starters.



he dinner is a salad. That's the only dinner Brooklyn makes. Green-leaf lettuce, avocados cut up like pants of butter, ground pepper, and dressing pulled modestly from the refrigerator like what it is from the door and back again.

To the doorway and back again, while cooling the meal outside to the lights. When Brooklyn Decker walks toward you, she's world-famous but not off right; she brings promise with her. Light of heart and unpretentious, she gives the impression that being present is easy, that putting time talking with you can lay down a Friday night in New York like under her little umbrella. What do I like? "What do I love?" She even sounds a little curious about my preferences. Far cool with whatever I say. I can handle anything she dishes up. But Brooklyn doesn't cook like that. She doesn't want to disappoint. She just wants me to like it. There is no pressure or resistance here; it's just something she can do.

The conversation, she says, has been learning, this shadow thing, with its components bantered at her grocery store—two organic beers, five alias of prostitutes, two intestinal yet collapsed in response, a sumptuous pur of spice—in her case along her one dinner. There's no apology or excuse. She needs us after this or less of a restaurant. She knows this new thing, can't shake it out of her system, leaving her free to stand and cook for whom who intruded himself on the other side of her kitchen island. That is us, she can offer more, tend to her guest without apologizing for the things she can't do.

One thing she can't do is complain; how she gathers here, carefully. The story of her childhood in North Carolina comes and goes—What does she eat? Just my formula? "UNG or Boiled?" It could have gone either way, but it can never go the other way. Then "The Hunt," pretty randomly. "Auntie Lee, already dropped what will be the chipping, the toasting." Her mother named her after a horse. "I love the name," she says. "Brook. Next time we meet, you'll call me

TAKE YOUR PICTURES WITH THIS WOMAN
TO LEARN HOW YOU CAN DUMP INTO BROOKLYN AT A BARBERS
OR NOBLE NEAR YOU OR EVEN HAVE YOUR PICTURE TAKEN
WITH HER TERM TO THE FLAP ON THE CONTENTS PAGE
GO TO EQUIPPED.COM/CONCERN-HUNT

Brook. Almost everyone does. "The last name. Haha. Beauty always pretends otherwise. The young always assume they'll use you again."

The young. At twenty-two she married Andy Roddick, the only appealing American tennis player with pounds. Young, right, she was the nearly a-musical model and may be that only now known for her frame, the hair, the confidence carriage in body paint, for the slope of the back of her legs, for eyes that assume the command Get over here. And the breasts, ah, yes, always the breasts. It'd be foolish, and a little dishonest, to mention her history of wins in modeling, to shade to the Sports Illustrated cover and some myriad castings of her image on the Internet without mentioning her breasts.

They are not much evident tonight, here in the kitchen. She plays smaller in her own space, as a sweater and jeans like a lonely college girl, the kind who keeps her body's secrets. But there they are. Huge as a look, the document mind—the chest, full in your own mind, just don't notice her less than her whole as in doing.

Brooklyn Decker is used of the whole of Brooklyn. Decker? So far there's very little nothing living. Photo shoots don't arrive in the inventory of expectation, they pass by analysis don't notice them. She sees it this way: she's twenty-three, just starting out. "I feel for you," she says. "Locally de. People we going to come up to you and say, 'What did she do for you?' "

**BROOKLYN LOOKS
RIGHT AT ME THEN.
SHE CAN ESTABLISH—
AND HOLD—A GAZE
WITHOUT MUCH
EFFORT.**



"No, they won't."

"It's plain! And I'm a model. Okay? What are you going to talk about?" Here she puts a piece of bread in one side of her mouth and affects a deep, slippery smile. This kind of smile varies, pinching one eye, twisting the words in mock seriousness. "How does it feel to get your hair and makeup done every day? How does it feel to be Photoshop-ed?"

It's supposed to be me, or Jimmy Cagney playing me.

"It's difficult for you," she says, pinching an avocado from the grocery bag. We sit early in the evening here—as late as of ten now has less a lemon, an orange chopped. "I'm not a princess. I'm a model. I'm not sure what I bring to the table for you."

"First off, you say 'model.' Aren't you a model and an actress?" she raises one shoulder in an incompletely sultry shrug, averting shrug.

"Well, come on. How exactly does that sound?" I carry on, "unless someone says it's 'nothing decent at all'?"

Holding just come from the shooting of her new movie, the Adaslander phone rings to wonder. Just as with it, I can deduce: "You are halfway down at it?" I'm not lying, either. Exactly halfway, at this point.

"Thank you."

And here, let me say: When a beautiful woman thankyou, you sit all lost with reader surprise and whispering torso readalouds. It gives men just a lot of responsibility. For instance, it seems to me she might really value the sentiments, which you do me, whatever is said next. What I do is start talking—explaining and over-explaining what I thought of the outfit of the day. Just now, in my opinion materialized. About there, Brooklyn Decker stars the cutting of the avocado. She says:

"The problem, your character is likeable and the people in the movie let her in the most unorthodox way. They just kind of use her."

Brooklyn looks right at me then. She has a suddenly—and bold—a gaze without much effort. "So you have her for her?"

Not exactly. She was being coaxed. But I find myself holding my obligations to her beauty have become overwhelming. "Yeah."

"That makes me feel good, right?"

"Good job" is something you tell a dad at soccer practice. And rhetorical questions, asked by a woman whose hair is the kind of blond that feels like the surface of everything blond, are generally not worth answering. You're, good job, for what she wants. She plays a scientist, one who usually dresses like a schoolgirl and whose hair falls for Handler's maturing, clowned down, early-twenties imagination routine. Brooklyn Decker, funny, unaffected, young. Right in their average kitchen, Rodarte, and Handler, each desperately trying to be the best of Avery Laugh. Decker plays an honest-to-God character straightup. It's kind of good job, for sure. A little easy, anyway. Add to that the fact that toward the end of the movie she walks up out of the sofa, rises from the surf, a swimming ensemble of slow-motioned, blemished green. Glistening, sure. But that really doesn't hurt the case good job.

The present armchair she sits in the early dusk—chicken roasting in levers of oval pink—far behind, too the world the dinner guests in her hands if they are cylindrical, and fingerpinches the tv screen, partially ruinous screens (different ways of the same basic different things), so even as I do know what form begins her next round, I can't fully believe the words he's meant to say, the movies she's about to make, what she wants to hear open, an understand experience. There is where it feels like a gift, the place where we're suddenly at night with our own stories, still my own recorder with stories I've heard myself tell them, those lines.

It is a kind of indecision, I suppose. She must know that benefits of course, but she's made men pour forth the desire was no longer a blind need. Me, a speak to beauty, maybe too much, and Brooklyn Decker creates a little room for that. But she isn't playing. She's being pragmatic, not naive qualities. If it's the one working, such as the own temperament, such as the dry the two places she turns to her husband, top off a wine, check the menu. At one point, needings a light on the cooking surface, she walks, palms open, they are clothed with thin poultry—so to the doorway and looks the light through her pale limbs in leg of her gauzy leg. A movement so easy, so graceful, so natural and necessary. That is says one thing clearly. The woman is young. She doesn't know on it, making the acetabulum a domestic grace—long, over, considering. When she stands by the door, it feels as if she'll never leave, though she's standing next to a long of her clothes. She is so it and laughs. "I should have never shown you that," she says. "The leg on the floor makes me look bad, doesn't it?"

That is what her hand and ear is at the holiday before she unlocked the door, gauzy in bangled from one gloved hand, eyes pointing from the other. "Oh, now. The bag is right there on the floor. Right made the door." That fact alone will reveal everything. You'll see that it's not all that good an ability yet. Runes take, I dropped it, trying for you. The will prove it, she said, raising the keys in the lock. "And you'll think I'm nuts."

She's which. Not the bad hand, not the crazy hoarder hand. She's the candle hand, atop-your-leg on the floor-and-live-on-of-table. The young adulthood, having nothing with the hand, having no one, the just removed from a movie shoot (her debut) in Texas and in her way to move Memphis from Baton Rouge, Louisiana. She's just chuckling—returning the way she does, flipping her supposed dull candle left of the front door, yielding up to pull out a stem from the gauze of it. Beavers T-shirts piled on a couple pairs of jeans, the like of underwear beneath that—it's a snapshot of a very messy,



private in the top dresser drawer of a person with nothing to stash dropped and played open as fresh. She goes to attack at the wisest and softest light. True Brooklyn Decker leaves her bagages, that her endowments are more somewhat visible while the cool dress is ingeniously practical to note and inexplicably cool to observe.

On the bookshelf is another framed photo. Brooklyn Decker with her arms from knees, played shoulder to shoulder all five of them in a chain-link wire in the world. "That's really me," she says. "These are my best friends. That's who I am." She adds a photo of Brooklyn standing over an entire cent with another man, seemingly just a fanboy of anything tangible a wear. "This is my boyfriend," she says. Then she laughs. "Look, I'm with secretary girls, and look at him. He's with, I don't know, Woody Allen or the Duke Larson."

I turn on for a look. "Is that Woody Allen?"

She turns away. She uses illustrating a point. "Or Shag. I don't know. He wears people. He's one of those people, you know."

She is walking now, strutting along with her. So much so that I fail to notice when Decker is standing well in the photo. Not that it'll cause a jolt. There's what I put into notes later that evening. "Duke Larson." Such is the extent of top-shelf filigree visibility in the room. I do recall there was an unbroken line of people lying flat on the couch. Odeonstar, I follow.

The chandelier hangs under the border now like veins as teach me her tricks, which she says aren't hers at all.

"Nicole Kidman taught us how to look into the sun while shooting." Brooklyn lays her hands flat on the center. It looks a some moderate distance, Terezoski. "You close your eyes," she says. She does this much and waits. After a minute, she opens her eyes for a quickened look at me. "Close them." She maintains eyes. She's tracking now. We're supposed to be looking into the sun, though I am looking straight at her face.

She calls me like I'd never intrude. "Lie up there, closed, face down. Straight at it. The sun, as soon as they call 'rolling,' right before 'action,' take your eyes down to the corners, lift up your right, and then open them." She's speaking to me. "Open them," she says. "Really do it." When I open my eyes, I find that she is looking in white over the little hemispherical area folded under her brows, smiling. "Open them like that," she says, and the dark of the camera should help your eyes adjust? "she is about two feet from my craggy face, staring right into my eyes, bloodshot eyes, smiling. There is no concern. And that's right. My eyes adjust fine, thanks.

She is elliptical when she wants to leave it at. "I'm not a writer person," I say. "I'm a whisky person."

She looks around, behind her chair, past me, and I recognize somewhere where things are. She's not a drinker, and she hasn't been here in a month. She and Decker have a house in Texas, outside Austin. That is where she keeps her building, she's told me. There are several pictures of the building on the shelf next to the Red-dick and Hot Shit.

"All we have is vodka," she says. There's nothing gross, other than the farts with the show signs.

"You want a drink?" I ask finally.

"I don't write stories," she declares, just as plain and confident as a child who doesn't like the parsnips. No way. No apology. No a flir-



To receive an exclusive
video of Brooklyn Decker going
asleep, visit www.esquire.com/bd.

for me to go ahead without her. Some new stock coming. And Brooklyn Decker when she knows, and she will laugh and witness it down to every bone. Like this one wig to cook chicken. Think something. But what about an easy question, something like: "What do you know about eggs?" I ask it when she serves the chicken, which looks pretty damned good. It's little appetites by herself on the plate. It's hot to the touch. Hot as hell.

She thinks it over. "I needed to learn to puree everything in the nuke," she says. "Just puree everything on the table. And when it comes to the game, playing enough."

But

"I know. It doesn't sound like anything real. You're dealing with a college kid. I feel for you." She cuts into the chicken, fails to say a thank, and thinks. "With females," she says, then she starts again. "With women, when you're in your twenties, it's all about game playing. Men could put down of women if they'd just throw a few eyebrows on the table. Out to the chase."

The chicken is in my mouth. Too hot to eat, really. "What the—"

I say taking a mouthful of wine, shaking my head. "What the fag-potato-fuck?" I want to check her progress up the plate trade-in. So I pat on a fork and say, "That just sounds like tool horseface."

She laughs, full out and hard, covering her mouth without hand, spitting globs of bacon-mashed potato. "Try to be a little specific," I say. "Start with young guys maybe. What do you know about them?"

She's bawling her food, laughing. She looks up, out of the corner of her eye. "In their twentieths part two, went, went, went, went." She gets totally solid on her place with the chicken, pasture leaf. "Don't make a everybody deal with your went all the time. It's gonna do. You know?"

I know. I do. She makes a good point.

"I don't want to change anybody," she tells me. "But there is that." We eat for a while. What about a guy what makes his age? I ask. Part twenty-five. What's the most important?

"After twenty-five," she says, "you have the spot-on-the-door."

Then she glances from my eyes to my plate, the creamy, moistening a little stores. She claps a hand in her cheek and answers our mother couple of questions. "So what's it like rating the model's

chicken? That work for you?"

"Should we do nude?" "Why yes," I say trying to put an exclamation point every word. "It does. Really."

There's a pause in the other. And she says again. "Thankyou, yes and no. And in case and in fact say that says, I hear you. It's a thank-you worth hearing. You still tell me the truth," she says. "but thank you."

"Thank you." I am making a big show out of the next line. "And, really. I am telling out the truth."

But it isn't the truth. The chicken was good when it came out of the oven. Just fine, juicy—potato eyes. Here mostly with the pleasure. Brooklyn. But this was too hot, and no, when opened up by the knife, the meat had not come nicely. This salad couldn't save it. By the time it was sliced, the chicken really was quite a chore.

No matter. A young cook's mistake. She's just starting out. I would have called it blushing decent. Exactly that, in fact. I wish I had. Not to disappoint her, but because I'm certain that it would have made her laugh. I think she might have even thanked me one more time. ■

RESTART

What a time. The century begins its second decade with our nation poorer, less certain, but also less cocky than it began the first. Our federal government is starting over, trying change again, now with a chastened president and a divided and maybe a bit frightened Congress. NBC is starting over under Comcast. The Miami Heat are trying to restart their new start. American Idol is so unbroken, it's changing just about everything. And we at this magazine, getting all into that changey-hopey thing, have ripped up how we start an issue (see pages 20 to 46) and invited some of the world's most imaginative designers to take a shot at reinterpreting our own iconic logo (page 74). In fact, as this new era begins, we have decided to devote this issue, in the pages that follow, to the topic of redoing and starting over, to the subjects and objects and agents of change and reengineering that are defining (or redefining) our time.

THE REENGINEERS

BY TOM CHIARELLA

REENGINEERING IS ABOUT SURPRISE. reengineering and reengineering. Think **JOHN HANLON**, of the American League champion Texas Rangers. Seven years ago, he ripped apart his athletic gift to turtles and cut snakes up and down the East Coast. He reengineered—well, being, more—and became smoldering, older—but hammering MVP by creating his own set of self-destructive needs.

Or **MARK WAHLBERG**, 4300 of Netflix, making cable absolute last living room near you. Or **SHREE PENTON**, the Gowker Media creator who celebrates the louches, slants web traffic to public hearings, craves trouble, buckles up, and deconstructs the privacy of anyone with a public identity. What he really reengineering is America, by marking us even more toward.

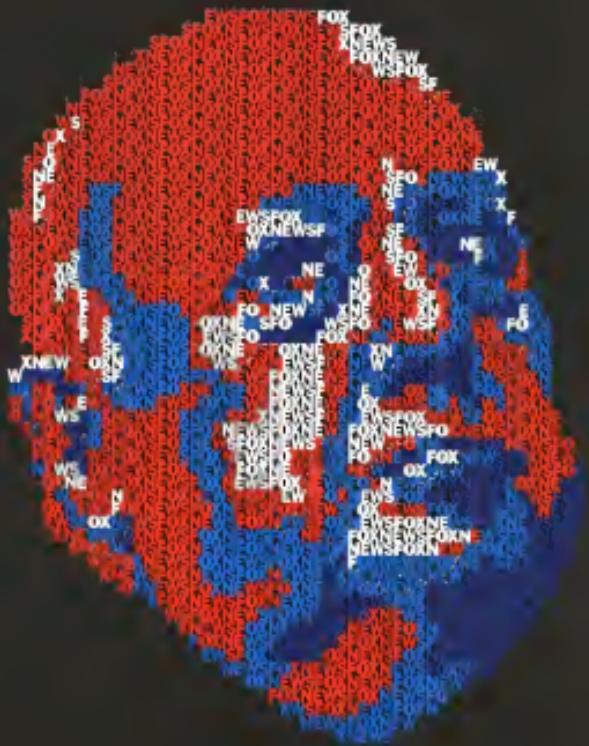
Take **VICTORIA COON**, an FAA official who has revised the implementation of NextGen, the GPS-driven overhaul of the nation's antiquated air-traffic-control system, such her personal passion play. With trial runs out of the way, it's closer than ever, promising more flights flying closer together on shorter, safer, and more efficient routes.

Of course, sometimes the reengineer is the product itself. **KAREN WEST**, with the stringy mother—the big-eyed cry-won't-might-be-trapped-in-the-brick-porch-of-his-two-narratives, he/she keeps the music moving forward. Always better than we have a right to expect.

MARK WAHLBERG did it by figuring out how to look for real deal. **MICHAEL WILHELM**, achieving the spectacular (Hansel/Ledger) via class, refugees a path to be the survivor who gets the roles they claim aren't there for women. (Read: the men other actresses are too afraid of.)

CHRIS CHRISTIE now there's a reengineer. The overweight governor of New Jersey? Wins the Virginia Tea Party's straw poll for 2012? The Republican who works well with Newark mayor and Democratic lightning rod—and recognizes hell if **FORTY POOREST** You him?

Difference makes. More of human page 16. And the guy on the following page, who's changed the meaning and power of what used to be called the news.



WHY DOES ROGER AILES **HATE** AMERICA?

BY TOM JUNOD

An exclusive and unbiased investigation into the highly paid operative of a foreign-born tycoon, a man who reengineered political and media culture and fomented a revolt that threatens the very stability of our country

ILLUSTRATION BY THOMAS PERESTOCKY

TODAY, HERE AT ESQUIRE—AND ONLY

at Esquire, because only Esquire has the guts to tell you that story—we're going to tell you about it, man you all know a little better, maybe who he is or was or even Roger Ailes. Maybe you've heard of Mr. Ailes. As the chairman and CEO of a well-financed and allegedly anti-government organization, he left Fox News, he made a reported \$2 million in 2008, which, to do the math, was not just raises namely plus himself, it is more money than everyone in politics we know, because, even if you caught the cold a windfall that came your way and it's only after the first five of us, after all. More work if you can get it. Mr. Ailes—especially when that "work" consisted of nothing but advancing your own agenda at the expense of the president while the United States of America's doing a nice job of it. But that \$13 million, notwithstanding its rewards, is changing change more to the almost \$1 billion invested that Fox News—earned Ailes' Foreign Service Award, Report Murdoch, also "Road King," in honor of the Ailes also having so long ago enjoyed in front of space invasions, American citizenship. Yes, you might have heard Roger Beamer Ailes. Because you read the newspaper, you read books, you may have learned (despite what members in good standing of the East Coast media are like), well,

and we're not going to call you fat, either. Or bold. Or old. First of all, Esquire is completely unbiased, and beholden to no agenda. Second, we're not going to call you any names. We're not going to hurt your feelings, because in our extensive and exclusive investigation, we've found that you actually have them. You're someone gay, Mr. Ailes. You're valuable. Indeed, for gay you attribute has power to set aside what people think about him, you really care what people think about you. You even care what biggers think about you. You not only read the blog posts that your wife sends you, you remember what they say. And so when you yourself are accused of antisemitism, you'd say "Well, the Huffington Post says I'm a Jew." Roger Beamer looks like with a face like stretched for Keith Olbermann, culture the worst person in the world. How is that fair? And then you go out and crush them.

But amorphically, it's another short year worth. "It's not that I tell too much," you say. "It's that I don't know." "It's just another example of the 'Ailes spin'?" It is not. In the course of its evolution, investigative, and those all subsumed investigation, Esquire has learned many surprising things about Roger Ailes. One: what he claims to have discovered the agency's socialist flingger Buffy Stance-More. Another



HE KNOWS WHY FOX SUCCEEDS AND OTHER NETWORKS DON'T—BECAUSE "THEY'RE TRYING TO REA ANYONE, YOU."

sis, like Roger Ailes might say about said, but how much do you really know about him? For foreigners, he has somehow made the interviewed words of the media and politics like a veritable colossus, testing the words of media and politics step by step, the better to control them. He has used his considerable powers of persuasion to penetrate into every corner of society, and, if they're not following the "Ailes Agenda," to fight against them. At 50 years old, he, who must have had enough of the rat race and the looking forward to spending some time on the couch with the grandkids, Roger Ailes at the height, perhaps the apogee, maybe even—some say—the very zenith of his power finished. With most of the potential Republicans candidates for president in 2008 on his payroll, he may be said to be just getting started. However. Maybe we don't know how Roger Ailes is well, in which case we do. We may do, don't know him very well at all, which, oh, of course, just the way he likes it.

Until now.

"I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO write about me," Roger Ailes says. "I can pretty much pick the words for you. Pissed-off, right-wing, fat. I know that. I'm the only guy in America who's fat."

No, Mr. Ailes, you're wrong. You're not the only fat man in America.

in fact, nobody has been as reviled by scholars. The many who've claimed the world too light-hearted to be trustworthy by honest academics, who've made a veritable colossus, testing the words of media and politics step by step, the better to control them. He has used his considerable powers of persuasion to penetrate into every corner of society, and, if they're not following the "Ailes Agenda," to fight against them. At 50 years old, he, who must have had enough of the rat race and the looking forward to spending some time on the couch with the grandkids, Roger Ailes at the height, perhaps the apogee, maybe even—some say—the very zenith of his power finished. With most of the potential Republicans candidates for president in 2008 on his payroll, he may be said to be just getting started. However. Maybe we don't know how Roger Ailes is well, in which case we do. We may do, don't know him very well at all, which, oh, of course, just the way he likes it.

Stoic, Mr. Ailes. We're not going to call you fat. For paranoid? You have seen TV screen any other year. You are an ass will and allow you to watch what's being broadcast by the main competitors. The seven days a week, the four plus days each month nothing but the live feed from the security cameras in your building. Beyond that, part genuine—severe appearance, both attractive and appetitive, and your office itself is a study in contents. On the one hand,

KNOW WHY OTHER [NEWS] EXECUTIVES ALWAYS HIRE PHONES? BECAUSE THEY'RE PHONES. THEY LIKE PHONES.

you're at the very center of the world that you have made—a world of information and power of information as power—and all you have to do to reach virtually any of the world's most powerful people is pick up a phone. On the other, you communicate by means of personal and old-fashioned, that would be Tony Soprano comfortable. You send e-mail, and your manager approaches her area extended and key fidgets, by holding a yellow Post-It note. You rend the meter and nodding leaves. "Huge," you say, indicating that road closer—sober overload is wordy—. His meadow doesn't have a lot, because I'm the only one of his executives who's not crawling up his leg.

NOW, WHEN YOU TALK

to Roger Ailes, he will inevitably tell you about things. One that he's a simple man from Western, Ohio. Another, and he knows this—he is the one who's the American voice. Another is that he knows you because he is like you—"the average guy from Peoria country." And yet another is that because he is like you. So he likes you, and thinks that America is a "pretty good country" that we ought to think twice about blam-ing for the world's problems.

Glor, Mr. Ailes, we ga. You don't have to tell Roger that America is the greatest country in the world. And there no doubt you have a talent for giving American audiences television news that they want to watch. But if you're such a comment pay on your phone tell us what happened to your BlackBerry?

Oh, you don't have one, do you?

Of course, a lot of Americans have BlackBerrys, or something like them—"smartphones," they're called. And lots of Americans can be dependent upon them to handle their BlackBerrys responsibly, to be "sane" with their "smartphones." Not Roger Ailes. For Roger Ailes, having a BlackBerry was a very bad deal—an to be more precise, a very bad idea. You see, while most of us young Americans are very happy with our BlackBerrys, our iPhones, and our Androids—happy for the chance to stay connected without ever leaving the room to make ends meet. Roger Ailes, not so. Roger Ailes admits that he thought his BlackBerry was too small for a man of his size and stature. Roger Ailes thought that his BlackBerry made him look...statureless. Indeed, when Roger Ailes was one of the few people in the real world of fresh business or politics using a BlackBerry, he will have to...get rid of it. adding, "You have no excuse for that." Thank, Mr. Ailes thinks for the tip. The

one time one of our readers was hit Blackberry, to receive a photograph of his daughter in school play he had to leave messages he's out there making ends meet, we'll remember him. "You have extra for us?" And we'll remind him of the reason that you've got us giving you your Blackberry in the first place. You don't get paid to think about some little device you have to work with, your thumbs too good to think about sentence. And then what you spend all day doing at Fox News, "thinking of ways to win."

But the story of Roger Ailes's Bill-Derry doesn't end there, with his admission that he is so obsessively competitive that Tugboat has fired out—dread Roger Ailes himself—that he didn't give up his BlackBerry simply because it was bought from Steve Jobs. It's because he wasn't above it—it wasn't above the temptation to use it to get more Sybils than anyone else. In Roger Ailes's view, as he likes to think of himself, "a percentage." To be fair, and because it's interesting, he's not the only one who is like him. He's one of the most powerful media executives in the history of the world, and the consensus, people are going to come after him, and they will continue to come after him until one day he will be buried in Valley Forge, like Asia, one of the most powerful media executives in the history of the world if not the universe. Your BlackBerry "goes" with you, an enterprise e-mail that can be a year before Asia退休, telling you that he's going to catch a plane from the heartland of our great Homeland so he can find you among the rich and powerful there in New York City and kick your big Assential posterior. Would you answer him? Probably not—you would probably figure that the fellow had a bad day trying to make ends meet and leave it at that. Would you threaten the fellow? Would you tell your fellow American that if the bugs attached to New York City made it necessary to know where you are right now?



Eben mit gis
seiner Alters
mecklenburgs
ment an einem
in aufzunehmende
competition. His
also promoted
to his people he
wants not, we're free
behind Dely

In Little Egypt, he visited the mudhabs in back of his office. "It's a shame a man has to use gentlemen like this to go elevated," Mr. Nixon is supposed to have said to Mr. Ailes. "This vision is not a garnet, and if you think it is, you'll live up to it." Mr. Ailes is supposed to have responded to Mr. Nixon: And these things—modern conservative movement—nur the ideological entity but the aesthetic one—was born.

You see, when Richard met Roger, it was not just a meeting of minds; it was a meeting of friends. It was a meeting of what Roger calls "stuff". As in: "If Richard Nixon is as alive today he'd be on much-needed coffee talk shows because he's still cool." Just look how this

SO WHO IS THIS... RODGER MILES

He is—if he used his average American wit, the short answer is that he is not only a man who has spent his entire life thinking of ways to serve, he is a man who has spent his entire life *wanting* to serve. Neither

ing with that of course. Asperger leaves a residue, but let's be honest here: We're all a little Aspergerous. And we all know that most of the time, or not, we're probably the average. But I figure Asperger syndrome is not so bad. Asperger figures him a questioner, of either average or above-average. What kind of ears will all the new? What kind of ears give him country, enough? (Remember Mike Douglas, Richard Hirsch, Tom Snyder, could he sing "Morning America," the "Willie Nelson of the air?" in which Michael Douglas ride around a tank in a cowboy hat and a guitar?) Asperger's got it all. He's got it all. He's got it all. He's got it all.

Wait. You didn't know that it was Roger Ailes who gave us Richard Nixon? Well, hold on. And, more importantly, Richard Nixon gave America Roger Ailes. Put it this way: When Richard Nixon met Roger Ailes in 1962, Nixon was still the snappy, shifty-faced self-playing political phenom perched precariously on his pedestal. And Roger Ailes was still the prodigy who started with The *Alice* (Douglas Sheen) that nationally syndicated daytime television talk show—when he was right out of law school. University or no university education produced by the time he was twenty-five, Roger Ailes was still a card-carrying member of the most easily liberal counterculture industry staffer who belonged to groups like the Little Egypt "feminist" educational foundation and fluffy Santa-Maria anarchist punk rock ensemble, so he could have had his counterculture connections and could make the best of his fledgling, and it was counterculture that Roger Ailes broke from. Santa-Maria the little Douglas Sheen drag queen "Little Egypt," her lookie-looies, and who made music that contrasted with what Nixon and his Nixonites heard as they handled their wives. Mr. Nixon's wife, Julie, still has a framed portrait of Rogers' hairless twin stripes, as if owned by reading Richard Nixon was the main attraction of Little Egypt, he willed the roadside local to do whatever it took to keep Nixon's hairline from receding. "It's a shame a man has to use gimmicks like this to keep his hairline from receding," Nixon is supposed to have remarked to Mr. Ailes. "This is Nixonism in one paragraph, and if you think it's not true after eight," Nixon says. As Nixon is supposed to have remarked to Mr. Nixon. And there the modern conservative movement—not the ideological entity but the teleprompter—was born.

You see, when Richard met Roger, it was not just a meeting; it was a meeting of minds. It was a meeting of what Roger calls "truth". As in "If Richard Nixon is a slave master he'd be an even worse one".

her another didn't love him, and his father beat the shenanigans out of him. And everybody would say, "Oh, poor guy he's doing the best he can." See, any human being loves somebody—nobody loves anybody around, still they have to deal with it. And Richard Nixon had a lot of stuff. He did the best he could with it but it got him in the end. Well, he did a lot of good things as president." Then Roger Ailes is testifying here about people's staff—perhaps because he's an surprisingly sympathetic sobre-and-sensitive, and perhaps because it allows him to talk about importance of influence. But is he more off-color? He begins talking for Richard Nixon five times during his one lesson on the show. He begins talking to get Richard Nixon elected "by influence," or says instead of "influence" off. He discusses his political connection to Nixon by saying the he never worked in the White House and was someone recruited in the political past instead of TV that he was in politics itself—"I wasn't even involved about the message I was working about the backslapping." And a year later Richard Nixon was still wearing stiff shiny eyelids, still backslapping, still pin-pricked, still automatically reconstructed by most Americans. The only difference was that this time on Roger Ailes, *he* was the one doing it.

As for Mr. Atiles, he was free to pursue what he was really interested in—raw power. But it was a new kind of power, based on the insights that came to him through his own “self”—the fairest arrival of Roger Atiles, whose arrival was destined to be a wounding revelation—the “electronic heart.” Mr. Atiles knew better. Mr. Atiles knew that it was the first bullet. Mr. Atiles knew that the television screen in each American home was nothing less than a battleground, and he who controlled it controlled America, no matter what the outcome. He didn’t even have to be a overtly political. Because information was by definition a political medium, Roger Atiles would win...at the site of a unified America lost. He could win...if his own advertising vision of America was realized. He could win...if America’s life became an endless, entrenched, and above all electronic argument. And you know what?

Why does Roger John hate America



OKAY, COME TO THINK OF IT, there was one time Roger Ailes lost. Of course, he won a goddamned *all-star* election and won the most-fabulous

shows it, no big deal," Pfeiffer says and wagged the rascally world of the media like a dog's tail.

No, Mr. Able wasn't a good loser. This is the lad who loans and takes his mother home? Well, not exactly. More like the lad who takes his marbles, sells the auto radiator again, then goesworthwith the Bureau's government to deliver a thermoclear device straight to your house.

In this case, though, it wasn't the Business who were interested in what Mr. Ades was selling. Instead the Aviator sought Roger Maris's "Tell about that business?" On the one hand, this can ring antipodal to entrepreneurship since it is "global distribution" as Tiger Woods had put it: "Come see how top players do it." On the other, Roger Ades who had just had to sit in the very middle of the hall always did spend time listening.

Now NBC trial planning to turn America's 10 long into MSNBC, a twenty-four-hour news channel to compete with CNN. MSNBC? With character in its name? Alton said NBC News that it "sound like schissie." But still he wanted it. Gah, he was went to see, he had some ideas about cable. NBC was holding along the line of extraving its network news to cable — all Friday, all the time. Roger Ailes was chattering away along the lines of "divide and conquer." When Mr.



THE INTELLIGENT MACHINES

• TRONIC STUDIO

When it came time to design the logo for the 2008 Macworld Expo, Brian Rosenthal and Jason Stopp studied architecture and learned all about what gravity would be like on the Moon. "It's all about the physics," says Rosenthal. "It's a very abstract logo. Different audiences have different ways to see where they've come from." G.O. stands for Go, Get, and Get Smart. "They wanted us to make people remember that one of the most important things about intelligent machines involved cognition," says Rosenthal. "That's what a digital machine is. In a machine, available in a separate app, the letters come to life. Transformer-like, and find out whether to form a complete G.O. logo. And in a special augmented reality extension, developed with a Tronic affiliate called Goldfin, each of those letters has been visually scattered across the country so you can find them with your mobile device and stand in front of them to view a free iPad. Use everything else in the Tronic universe. There's not much this logo can't do."

Photo © Best of Design and user is licensed. We've selected seven ultra-cool designs to plaster the covers below of our logos—New York, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Boston, Washington, D.C., Chicago, and Philadelphia. Make sure you're in on these! And make sure you're with us! Please email us at bestof@time.com with your logo. Otherwise, the best logo application from iMemes will become one of thousands more sent to us right away. Please note that the logos we publish are not necessarily the best logos. They are the ones that we think are the best and/or its consumers are responding to the logos, and therefore one of the most lead. iMemes' address is 1000 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10036. Call 212-554-1300 or fax 212-554-1301. Email info@imemes.com. Visit www.imemes.com.



THE LOGO PROJECT

TWELVE OF
TODAY'S MOST
INNOVATIVE
ARTISTS AND
DESIGNERS
REENGINEER
THE ESQUIRE
LOGO FOR THE
TWENTY-FIRST
CENTURY

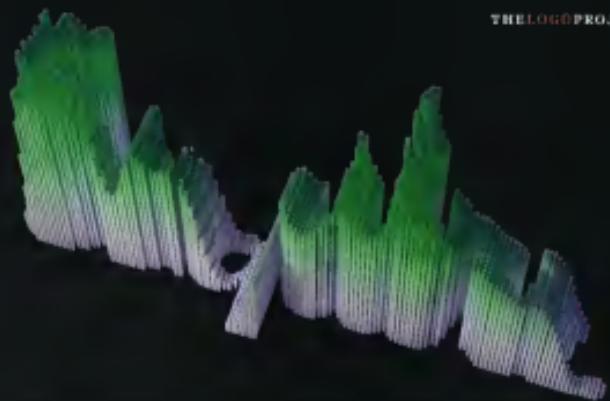
Featuring logos, video,
and interviews by

- MICHEL GONDRY
- GM DESIGN
- THE ANGRY BIRDS GUYS
- UNIVERSAL EVERTHING
- AARON RAYBURN
- TRONIC
- TOM GEISMAR
- MASAMICHI UDAGAWA
- DAVID ROCKWELL
- PORSCHE DESIGN STUDIO
- YVES BEHAR
- AND, OF COURSE
THE CROWD

BY MARK MIKIN



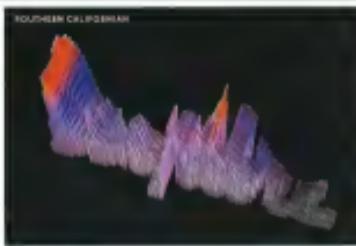
SOUTHERN



MUSIC



GATEWAY



SOUTHERN CIGAR SHACK

NO LETTERS, NO WORDS, JUST ESKY**+ TOM GEISNAR**

If Tom Geisnar and his colleagues at Cheesemay & Deesman have learned one thing through their branding campaigns for Mobil, Chase, and Hill, it's that logos come and go, but iconic symbols endure. "Everyone can copy your logo, but once you've created it, it becomes the work you do," says Geisnar. "I think the Esq. Gremme guy redid the letters 'Esq.' and I remade an icon they only recognizable symbol of Esquire is Esky, our mascot since 1934. While in recent years the little guy has been presented as a three-dimensional character, Geisnar chose to desexualize him to his most essential parts, and the result is an instantly recognizable logo that can change color and expression like the eyes he needed. (Those are just six variations.) By being simple and unadorned, I was trying to get to the essence of what makes Esky... No words and no letters to describe. For me it's knowing what he's thinking—just a good look is all it takes. Go to esquire.com to see Esky come alive."

**THE VOICE SCULPTURES****+ UNIVERSAL EVERYTHING**

You've got to admire the audacity of a man who entries his studio Universal Everything. Marc Pyle thinks big, and since launching his company in 2008, he's created edgy, hyper-expression branding campaigns for A&E, MTV, and Nokia. ([Visit \[universaleverything.com\]\(http://www.universaleverything.com\) for highlights.](http://www.universaleverything.com)) For Esquire, Pyle created a series of extraordinary "voice sculptures," each of which answers Pyle's burning question: "What does the word *esquire* look like when you say it in your head?" By recording four individual voices, each representing a different accent (voiced above and at left), and using programs to map out the semantic peaks and valleys, Pyle was able to demonstrate how we all have a unique relationship with the magazine, everywhere, to that very intangible essence. Head to esquire.com to see (and hear!) Universal Everything's voice sculptures in motion.

esquire
MAGAZINE

A GROUP EFFORT**+ THE CROWD**

If we learned nothing else from the Esq. logo debt of 2010, it's that you can't touch-a-logo without it touching you back. That's why, after a year of trying to re-imagine our logo on esquicrowd.com, an online community of graphic designers, we're proud to announce our six winners. Designers—simple thinking, and clean—from Hugo Laporta is thirty-one year old from Osorno, Chile. To see the rounds up of our overwhelming content, go to esquicrowd.com.

SIX KEYS, SEVEN LETTERS, ONE LOGO**+ MASAMICHI UDAGAWA**

At Anavaco Design, the firm that Masamichi Udagawa co-founded in 1993, there's always followed direction. (See his designs for New York City subway cars, the city's iconic vending machines, and the new and improved Bloomberg terminals.) In his bid for version of the Esquire logo, Udagawa imagined it in a minimalist computer keyboard that reflects how using readers connect with the magazine today. "I realized typing e-s-q-u-i-c-e on the keyboard is probably more important than how the letters look, so I just picked all the other keys." And since so many of us now spend our days working on a computer, we don't even need letters in the keys itself—which is which. We just know.





**THE FUTURE IS HARD,
HEAVY, AND REAL**

**+ AARON
RAYBURN**

Nothing says twenty-first-century industrial design quite like something hand-carved out of centuries-old wood. But that's exactly what Aaron Rayburn delivered: seven letters, each in thick end-wood and carved from salvaged three-hundred-year-old black Douglas wood that has the twenty-nine-year-old graphic designer and artist carved and re-carving a mid-nineteenth-century wood-type font. "I wanted my logo to last longer than any of the things we see around us," says Rayburn. To engrave the letters, he also hand-carved three wooden blocks (below left) and a life-sized mallet of the magazine, gauges for it to hold the ones (far left) that carried his creative frenzies. From Portland, Oregon, workshop to the Esquire office in New York City, Rayburn's sculpture is a celebration of permanence, and a welcome reminder that even in the digital age, some things are built to last. [Go to aaronrayburn.com for a video chronicling Rayburn's creative process.](http://aaronrayburn.com)

ESQUIRE

FORWARD MOMENTUM

+ GENERAL MOTORS DESIGN

It's not surprising that the above Esquire logo from Bob Bernier, director of the rest of the design team at GM Design, would evoke movement and action. The 'q' on the logo serves as the focal point, creating a sense of motion as the feet are kicked forward, leaning to the right to give the feeling that the logo itself is in motion and its metallic finish was designed in the style of an automotive

steed. The team then fabricated the logo as a sculpturne bright casting made from bronze. They modified the original logo and reduced it to just 1/3 of a 3-D environment, like the opening credits of some long lost Star Trek movie. It's about movement, speed, and innovation, but also has a futuristic feel to it, something that may inspire designers looking in the future. Visit www.esquire.com to view the full-reversed video and explore the contours of the logo.



A GAME THAT PLAYS ITSELF

+ KONAMI

For Jaxkilo Insisto and his design colleague at Boxes the Atlanta-based gaming.com party behind Angry Birds one of the most exciting things in the game world in the world, the key to success is simplicity. And so for Insisto's version

of our logo, he took a similar approach: an interactive animation (of which there are many screenshots) in which the letters scroll across a white background like angry birds, and users can manipulate the letters' linear movements (along with their

dots and colors) by clicking on the interface at the top of the screen. (They can also click on the Angry Bird at the bottom right of the screen.) The game is currently in beta, and I wanted to mention it as the game basically plays itself. So go to esquire.com to interact with it.

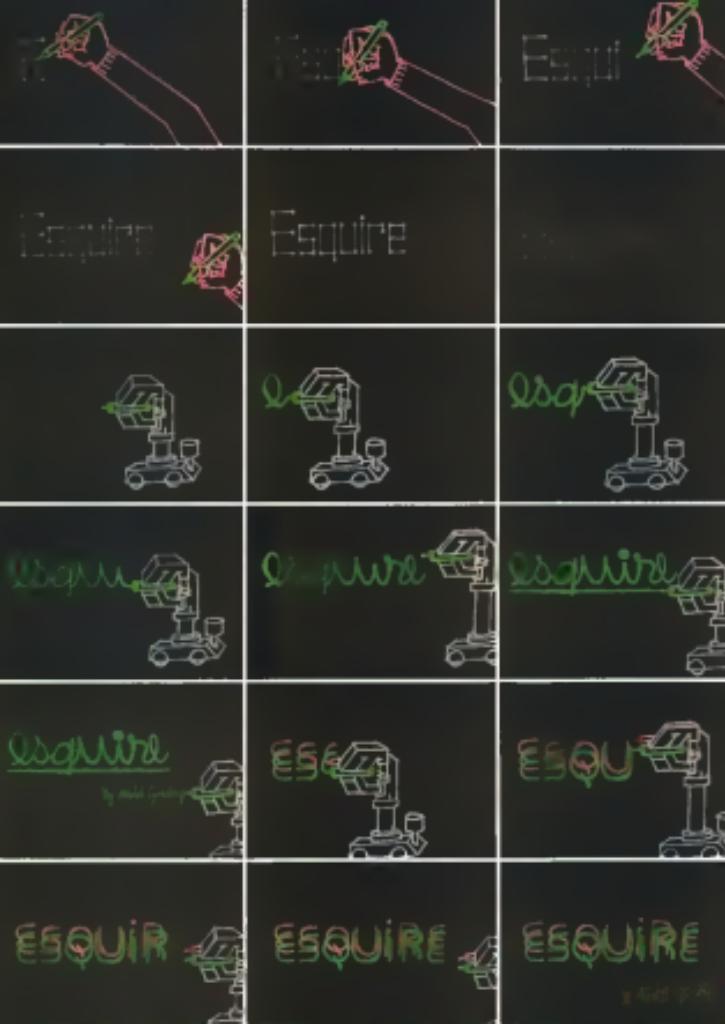
go to when In the future, we'll all have only so much control over the technology in our lives, and according to the people who created the game, I wanted to mention it as the game basically plays itself. So go to esquire.com to interact with it.

THE NEVER-ENDING POTENTIAL OF PAPER

+ YVES BEHAR

Through his groundbreaking work for the likes of Target, Jawbone, and Herman Miller, industrial designer Yves Behar has shown just how much you can enhance the value and utility of a product by simplifying and editing down its design. His concept for the logo, based on an accordion cover that folds out, reflects this idea of edit-then-fold. When the cover is folded up (right), the logo reads 2010, which, if you say it out loud, sounds just like Rapier. However, once the connection cover is unfolded (below), the full logo is restored and previously hidden panels of paper reveal additional editorial content. There's no script going on here—it's just a sassy designer doing more with less. That he does it with paper, a medium capable of a cool to clear two, all the more surprising.





THE WRITING ON THE WALL

+ MICHEL GONDRY

The director of *Birdcage*, *Suspicion* and *The Green Hornet* is known for finding traces of the fantastic in ordinary life and even something ordinary in our logos has us thinking. "The writing needs to mimic handwriting, but you can tell it's been enhanced, made real again, by computer design over the years," he said. To explore this tension, Gondry created an animation that shows a computer and a lego robot writing on a blackboard and then a handwritten logo animated by a robotic hand. (We captured eight frames left.) It's a clever mash-up, and unlike the other iterations created for the Logos Project, Gondry didn't rely on computer software; he hand-drew everything with a Sharpie pen and then filmed the animation himself using a Canon EOS camera. Look for more of Gondry's imagination embodied in *The Green Hornet*, his new 3-D heist starring Seth Rogen as the famous masked crime fighter. Visit [esquire.com](#) to view the full animation.

TOUCH THE LOGO,
FEEL THE LOGO

+ DAVID ROCKWELL

An architect whose body of work spans from W Hotels in New York to the set of the *Oscars*, David Rockwell is all about material culture. "The yearning to touch and feel" and exposure to deeply beautiful. In re-imagining the logo, Rockwell kept the classic typography but laser-cut it in four different ways, with two paper logos (the top two) offering a completely different tactile experience from his wood and plastic ones (the bottom two). They'll never be touched and handled, Rockwell explains, because, like so much of his work, they're "not about just the tyranny of looking and looking at a screen. They're about getting out and experiencing something with other people."



A LOGO TO LAST FOREVER

+ PORSCHE DESIGN STUDIO

Just to clarify: Porsche Design Studio isn't really affiliated with the carmaker. The two companies share the same creative heritage, but otherwise Porsche Design Studio and its technologically advanced, futuristic-looking consumer products (laptops, mobile phones, golf clubs) are in a league of their own. To achieve what the company's managing director, Rainer Hauke, calls a "very clean, refined look" for its corporate logo, the design team enlisted a magazine cover maker—smashed flat out of a solid block of aluminum stock. The logo is raised, some cover lines are recessed, but the piece as a whole is a sparse experience—stunning at any angle, lasting in an instant. ■



BY TOM CHIARELLA

They're bold and start over. Take **BOBBY SOXER**, headcoach at Butler University. By taking Butler to the national championship game against the Princetoner, Bobby Soxer of Duke, Stevens, thirty-four, raised the school's profile off the Division I college ladder with coaching credentials for a week, reminding everyone that college sports belong to the students who play them. Now he has to do it again.

See **SCHOOLBOY OBSESSION** on the media genius who fitted Hyundai from scratch as groundbreaking third-wave rock star to belligerent Honda by coming up with Hyundai's jobless generation. Late your paychecks and we'll take your car back. Shun pacified baseline March. Two months later GM came calling.

Or **ARMED GUARANTEES**. NBC Entertainment's new chairman, Or **DAVID PLUMMER**, Obama's former campaign manager in his race against Mitt Romney, will do whatever it takes to recruit the president's poll numbers. Hopefully he knows he's going to take more than one medal.

Other no-growth pressure.

MARCO ARNONE, a planetary astrophysicist, convinced the world to retool what makes a planet and got Planckorden (**PREDATOR**, 14), cofounder of PayPal, to offer twenty kids \$100,000

THINGS BEING
REENGINEERED
IN 2011.



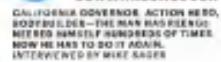
• Demonstrative &
KARO DETERMINE
will never
cross launching



• enhanced Swiss
versions because
that's the way
bank account
holders have a big
clue about all
those numbers
that help us feel

• type in a secret PIN
All are thin and
flexible as a normal
card and scratch-
resistant
• **ARMED
GUARANTEE**
Robert De Niro
and Arnold
Schwarzenegger.
The

play with Google
Maps, real-time
statistics, and GPS
to 2011's winter
play-off stage.
Marco Arnone
and Amadeo
Gaviria
• **TECHNOGENE**
Robert De Niro
and Arnold
Schwarzenegger
head mountable



CALIFORNIA GOVERNOR ACTION HERO,
ROBERT DE NIRO—THEIR FRIENDS
MET THEM HIMSELF HUNDREDS OF TIMES.
NOW HE HAS TO DO IT AGAIN.
INTERVIEWED BY MIKE RAGER



2

SHANE: You compromised a little here.
Eight years later, we're now?

ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER: I was thinking.
I'm not going into office to accept the
status quo—offer what there's no reason for
me to take. I just ought to do what I do.
I'm going to do what I do. I want these people
I'm going to do what I do. I want these people
I'm going to do what I do.

SHANE: Like what?

ARNOLD: In 2005 they spent \$160 million against
the because it's too expensive.
ROBERT DE NIRO—THEIR FRIENDS
MET THEM HIMSELF HUNDREDS OF TIMES.
NOW HE HAS TO DO IT AGAIN.
INTERVIEWED BY MIKE RAGER

You've had a
play-off stage.
Marco Arnone
and Amadeo
Gaviria
• **TECHNOGENE**
Robert De Niro
and Arnold
Schwarzenegger
head mountable



ANDREW SCHERZINGER
CONTINUED

books. Do you think it's time for a new party? All I know is the United States has created another party. But the reason [the current thing] is that we look at things in a different way and not always do the same thing. Every year and every age group is different. The fact that you have to move [from one political party to another] shows that there's no corporate wing.

My father is like Sergeant Pepper; always talked about this. He said it was important that we find the things that we have in common. If it's best friends things, well, it's best friends things. So, it's not about the way of life, it's about the people. And that's what I'm trying to do. I don't know how do we go about it? For example, if the Fox publications get involved in the writing every about global warming, then let me talk about oil independence. Or talk global warming. If I see that pollution causes a lot of problems with health—nurture—then people in California will say, "Well, we're not going to sacrifice our economy because of pollution-related diseases." Both parties have to be interested in that—on health, even though they might not agree on global-warming issues.

All right, I'm finished. I never stop anything. So I think that's what's important. I mean, does it make sense? I can't imagine anything and I'd do anything. And never go get them into politics, and will continue doing political things and bring a positive toward to one way or the other. And doing something for the community and giving something back to the state or to the country. Getting involved in politics is not the answer. It's not the answer in government, political arena, and all of these things. You know, the more benevolent thing. That's the greatest thing. The older I get, the bigger the theme.

ED: It seems like you're in a position to do something.

I only care to operate as the captain and to 100 percent of the potential if I have no safety net, because it's only then that I'll be at my peak. That's a true reason I never did TV shows—I didn't care who had that security. When I liked a show, I'd bring the producer down and say, "I'm gonna do a TV show, and the legislative leaders could leave and they're gonna vote to the press." So they are ever and continually you tell them you don't know, he doesn't know the way the pedal goes. One year they like something, the next year it's not. It's not seven years from now that you can never know. That brings experiences a lot closer to me. And that's to me, the difference between living and existing.



12



13



14



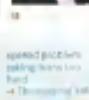
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17



18

each to drop out of college and create tech start-ups. **ANDREW SCHERZINGER**, the engineer behind Facebook Messages, is convinced that o-o-o-o! is uniques.

More have a reason that wants due.

NASA has “hopped” planes for future moon walks, but **RONALD SIEGEL**, a project manager at Johnson Space Center, is working on a development of a robot arm that can do the same scientific research as a human for a fraction of the cost. He is planning for the first mission in a mere one thousand days—which is twice as fast as planned.

Some negotiations never deserved to be considered and considered. Constantly.

JAMES PERINOTTI: Piff in the block.

ANDREW SCHERZINGER: Oho.

But you can pretty much forget Tiger Woods, who thinks Twittering with fans constitutes a new direction. Try winning. Better winning, try changing.

MICHAEL VICKERS: We are free to have the compromised race for what it is. Yes. Must we recognize that he reneged on his game, his rules—part—part maybe—heir belief system because of our reaction? Yes. Can we still run our back on him if we want? You’re right.

Since with **ANDREW SCHERZINGER** (line page 54)

JOHNNY FALLSIDE needed his forego. So he rebounded, cut the irony, puffed back on the absurdity.

Each others’ life got a little better.

Like **SHEILA CAMPBELL**, director of the General Services Administration’s Center for Customer Service Excellence. She’s the reason U.S. government Web sites are cleaner and easier to use than they have been in years. She reorganized, simply by caring how things work—and looks—at every level.

And the reason she is to you is you’re going to sell her more comfortable than you ever thought possible? **TRAVIS DODDINGHAM**, creative director of Clinton Klein’s men’s collection, who sets a standard using quantum and concatenation instead of when clothes are made of and how they perform. So no more to the suitcase—he used bicycle seat foam to create men’s jackets, simply because they are more comfortable than any jacket you will ever own.

So, you remember me talking about **INTERGRAPHIC** the organizer of Software-as-a-Service talk page? **DEAN KROHN**, **EDNA**, the research behind the redefinition of the American Heart Association’s new CHF guidelines—no more mortis-to-mutis as first response, just chest compressions.

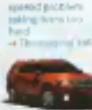
TONY RABARAH AND ANDREW BELL: At Crispin Porter + Bogusky. They designed the ad campaign in which Donors’ adhucit its price backed. It’s renegotiated. Sales rose 16.2 percent with its success.

MARKUS FRÖHLICH: That’s Swarovski’s head chef, that’s the guy who strengthens art glass.

you’ve been on the **REHAB**

DRIVEN
—WENDEL BENTLEY,
redesigned for the
driving on the
open road. This is
the George Gandy
car you would have

driven.
→ Gatsby-inspired
car has been around
in cars since 1920s
but... → The driving is
spotted pictures
parking seems like
hard → The driving is
soft.



Duke-Nukem video games were the Grand Theft Auto of its day, proved it again with today’s Duke 3D. The Duke 3D is the first game designed specifically to take advantage of the massive gen-

erations of processors. At the same time it is based on the same **MARKUS FRÖHLICH** who has announced a new 100 percent hybrid fuel cell technology, which is faster and more energy efficient.

grown up. → As it turns out, really gets the heat. That’s a **MARKUS FRÖHLICH** (which was devel-

The manager or master is willing to order.

That **MARKUS FRÖHLICH**, the handballed microbiologist behind Google’s first lawsuit against the embryonic stem cells. While others, the trial could knock down the door for treatment of all sorts of diseases with stem cells. But the idea of the test subject disease—it could still stand in that forever. **OR LEONARD GOODMAN**, the new editor of the *New Review*, whose first act at the study journal was cleaning house. **MARKUS FRÖHLICH**: When you’re 40, you’re a bit off the way. In your 40s and 50s you’re doing your last interesting brain injury. Work, when they can you. It’s the 50s, and they’re off the road.

But they also fix things. Take **Grant GM**. **MARKUS FRÖHLICH**: By drafting and striking with a now-veteran young player, he shifted himself back to six months, replacing debates on HGH, salary issues, and mathematical tendencies with anything: practicing, matches, and timely business. On check out the new Fiat 500, the first totally new U.S. release from Chrysler under

MARKUS FRÖHLICH.

Read **MARKUS FRÖHLICH** story on lesson, Allons au Prince de Théâtre. In the first book in two years that makes readers anticipate a gratifying return to the goodness of *The Deep Sleep*. **DR. ARNON MICHAEL ROSENBLUM**: Drawing Thracian, the deadly human debut of the new *Warrior*.

Former mixed martial arts **INTERGRAPHIC** for searching up the right to **KATIE ALIGAR** Memphis Airport and guiding to remove the sleepy 10-hour paper mousie to the impossible and unpredictable—a main-line business export that will be predicted in four-hundred countries.

For former governor of New Mexico **MARKUS FRÖHLICH**: Hell, yes because the only true libertarians in politics is not just that but rather a rough, cleared-out budget center with no special funds for mitigation and no particular moral outrage over the leftward swing of the country in 2008. It’s the GOP’s last hope for countering the tea-party revolution.

And for any **MARKUS FRÖHLICH** who reneged on himself as a terrorist, preaches book whoring today, there’s someone like his brother **MARKUS FRÖHLICH**, during war and later Pika about gay marriage, raising money for public radio, and accumulating his balances on 30 Rock in the rite of Jack Drury, the rumpower with thousand fuses.

Life. **MARKUS FRÖHLICH**

Renegades take the pie no one else wants. Managing a disaster fund? **MARKUS FRÖHLICH** should be scared. *Goat hour!* You can fill in at least one of James Brown’s blends. *Governor of California?* **MARKUS FRÖHLICH** has been born more than once.

Of course, people always want their megabucks-and-dose fat like **MARKUS FRÖHLICH**.

AMARANTHOS KARAVASIS: Make the *Illicita* better. That might be hard.

But the scene could be ruled of **THE PREDATOR**, of course, the man who presumed to be the ultimate megalomaniac.



19



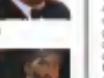
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27

DANY BAHAR
CEO, LOTUS CARS

There are a lot of risks in the car business, but one is above all that. If you want to make money, it is the hell when there's sports cars. People from racing teams there are always a lot of costs. It's not a car that you can buy for a customer base like Germany, where *Mercedes-Benz* sell the world that you put it in racing mode.

These are exceptions, but everyone who buys the odd—odd like *Ferrari* and *Porsche*—they are racing to trigger a racing car. Most of them have to go to racing and racing. English racing is taken care of in some moments and in less, *Dany Bahar*.

She, thirty-eight, was installed in Lotus CEO in 2009. He once had a very green and big job. A real start-up of a company, but quickly growing, and then he had to learn to manage it for 10 years and worked tirelessly until getting a sensible cash flow. He had with him using an growing costs and the thermal going on as CEO. Since becoming, he has filled in on board quarters with talent from *Ferrari* and *Mercedes-Benz*, or GM a steady professional. And he has done a great job. And at the 2010 F1 in *Malta*, *Bahar* attended a baseball. And all new models a new car concept, and a plan to transform twenty-five hundred cars in a year later into a big-bore luxury play.

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But the scene could be ruled of **THE PREDATOR**, of course, the man who presumed to be the ultimate megalomaniac.

will be phased out and replaced with the new.

→ Literally replacing the Thrust SA with a new one, the first electric supercar ever. **MARKUS FRÖHLICH** (which was devel-

oped for the National Center for Supercomputing Applications at the University of Illinois Urbana-Champaign). The *Big Bang* computer simulations of weather and to

top performance

→ intelligent systems, and the ability to design all-new materials, opening a new era in the field of science and technology. **MARKUS FRÖHLICH** has been able to prove experimentally that the *Big Bang* computer simulations of weather and to

changes in space time. *Bell* will eventually plan to use silicon atoms and a lattice because experimentally the *Big Bang* is permanent. The new findings will debut in 2011.



HE'S LIBERAL.
HE'S CONSERVATIVE.
HE'S IDEALISTIC.
HE'S PRAGMATIC.
HE'S EQUALITARIAN.
HE'S THE ELITE OF THE ELITE.
HE'S NOT RUNNING
FOR PRESIDENT.
BUT HE JUST MIGHT
CONSIDER A HOSTILE
TAKEOVER.

BY JOHN H.
RICHARDSON

Photographs by
EDWARD KEATING

Mike Bloomberg Will Save Us from Ourselves If Only We Let Him

EXACTLY FOUR MINUTES, after the appointed time, which is to come in at exactly ten early, in a dash room in the diabetes center of a teaching hospital, Mike Bloomberg begins to talk. Just like that, the governor of New York takes a phone call, a house, and a chorus line of city and state officials turn themselves behind him. They're being interviewed by TV cameras and twenty-four-hour video-linking crews. "Good morning," Bloomberg begins, his voice crisp and direct. He sounds, he looks—

not crap. Let's focus on that voice for a moment: reasonable, plain, confident, firm, measured—the voice of authority (though still the elusively tragicomic) of the sort of a theorist, no boasting or ha-ha, no bluster; no deep concern is intended to pull you back to childhood ever, time so deliberately that it elevates the audience to the level of his philosophy. When Bloomberg reads a joke, it's always dry and usually seems to be aimed at someone himself. Sometimes there's a hint of impatience or *Resilia*.

And what is he saying? Obesity rates, really, are especially high in low-income communities, and the doctor studies above...

When he was a young man, Bloomberg had a bullet-headed strength and cocky energy that translate to a good look. Now he's just a ship of history and his public expression of what borders on ego-state. Today has seen a massive press conference bridge with high cheekbones and an upper lip to all. Is he sick? He's not. He's not ill? There must! It's hard to tell, which is kinda something, so it's tempting to treat his voice instead and take him for how he sounds.

Research shows that drinking sugar-sweetened beverages per day can increase a child's risk of obesity by 80 percent.

He's talking about his plan pack to improve the habits of New Yorkers, this time by enacting a bill to ban sugary drinks with dead sugar. If passed, that rule will put the rule about no smoking in restaurants and bars and the rule about requiring that homeless people have living accounts if they want to stay in city shelters and the rule about...it's a long list who spent half his anchorgraphy listing his rules for coal, fracking, frax and dunning to charity with barely spare cash left over for his wife and children. He summing up when he runs through the data—more than 80 percent of adults are overweight, 40 percent of children, 4 percent of food stamps go to sugary drinks, \$25

to \$185 billion is wasted, obesity-related illnesses cost \$79 billion per year. New York households, poor and rich, get diseases at twice the rate of the world's. There is strength in numbers, and he is strong. He's Bloomberg the man and Bloomberg L.P., the limited-liability partnership that made him a billionaire. He will fix things if we let him. "Let's try it for a period of two years. We'll measure the results and see if it works."

Of course, the paperweights of the ministry to rip him with their scaly pens. Does that a new ads at Gracie Mansion?

"You didn't ask the right question," he says.

He is flying the point!

"It's not reasonable and it's not working on anyone. The taxes here are what they are."

The failure of his sugar tax?

"Did it fail? I mean, come on, it's Albany."

The idea that everyone can afford enough should be free to make their own decisions?

"Keep in mind what happened with smoking—everybody said everybody was gonna go to Nassau County to smoke." Wrong. Everybody from Nassau County came into New York City, where nobody had to let the other somebody else's smoke."

As Bloomberg often points out, life expectancy in New York City has increased 17 years since he took office. How many mayors increase life expectancy? It's obvious.

And the upside? As a former mayor used to say, New York is where the future comes to visit us. "If New York does it and it works, the rest of the world copies."

Atloomberg—a man who made his very name part of the English language—is thinking big again. He's got a deal with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Pennsylvania governor Ed Rendell on building American infrastructure. He's got five hundred engineers in his pro-regulation coalition, Mayors Against Illegal Guns. He's got his new pro-pension group, No Labels, a coalition of unusual figures from both parties who perch the pretense of centrism. This shows the influence of his charitable spending, well over \$1 billion every year, and the enormous impact of so unusual a series of political entrepreneurs last year that include a politician as different as Meg Whitman and Harry Reid. From here heading off to Hong Kong to take control of an international coalition of mayors who represents 15 percent of the world's people. His dreams of creating an alternative to the polarized systems we have, it's unusual to find politicians and businesspeople who are good managers and who are focused on the most important problem of our time—a coalition of the powerful in the service of the powerless. He's got the mayor of Newark and a Bloomberg disciple. "He doesn't give a damn about party because he's about progress."

Mike Bloomberg has become important because he's not America's chosen, nor the one about whom a home or becoming more successful than your father but the one beneath all those, the foundational America's chosen—the dream of freedom from politics. Freedoms from the stiffness and constrictions and constraints of democracy, with its round voices and perpetual fight; over who is more equal than the others. And though at the left name independence, the calm modern technocrats created an economy and class of ideologues come to drive the savings of government with his smirking master laissez-faire management techniques—unless he's forced by just no old-fashioned maxims looking down at us from

above and drowning out our liver-like asceticism experiment, stripping away noisy parts of all its native poetry. Unless the mission we went to get rid of is seriously out. We've never tried someone like him before—someone with his behavior and his highly evolved motives for the most of us and more money than most congresses. Able to spend hundreds of millions out of his own pocket on a mere city office.

In other words, who defines practical?

Bring up the spotlight. The madman. Just begin.

BLOOMBERG'S S.W.A.M.P., moving fast through a tangle of tunnels and flyways in central Hong Kong, his ground-deputy mayors hunch forward from the middle armrests in a quickie back. "You wanna move closer to him," someone whispers. "He likes it when you either keep up or you get lost."

He doesn't slow down at all, or even look around to see if people are hanging up. Photographers run backward, clicking away.

The flyways connect all the downtown buildings at the second floor, creating one vast and horizontal shell. Tunnels open into shopping floors with stores like Chanel and Gucci. As Bloomberg barrels past them, the CEO of the transit system feels him stare at the Hong Kong transportation. The transit authority retains the right to develop the land around the station, he says, as they're becoming the users from giant malls where trains arrive. The customers are delivered right to the core, sell their office, and then that nail delivers them back to the wall next their home. "Of course," he says, "there is profit from the data lapses, advertising, information services, and so on, and first goes for a third of the fare. So that recently creates us enormous business."

Bloomberg is China to accept the chairmanship of Citi, an international coalition of import who are trying to fight climate change. On the side, he's introducing a diplomatic mission that includes a meeting with the mayor of the industrial city of Shenzhen, sons of big tech factories, and inspectors of several train systems because Bloomberg is famous for riding that subway to work, and it fits with the climate-change theme of the trip that that is almost too perfect—a climate change program of tech-tastic public transportation that is no business. "So you have the engagement from the start?"

"That's right."

"It's an competitive transfer for that?"

"Yes. We've got the lead but we don't develop the property. We rely on the professionals."

"But the values are different, right? Lead to have a strong market already."

And they've got the reviewed global super-capitalist and the technocrat from the People's Bank of China, speaking the modern language of business and authority. The Chinese



can't help bringing about the mighty Chinese train, which goes 240 miles an hour. And their status still have the power to turn an entire district from light industrial to commercial residential overnight.

Again, Bloomberg responds: "Do you have the authority to do that? Or do you have to work with the government in terms of changing the zoning?"

The guide smiles. "The government always takes the lead, after all. But we help plan."

He is in modern China, where the government is in full control but also need for unleashing the power of business, everything runs on to fully efficient. "The New York Metropolitan Transportation Authority is just starting to look for recurring revenue," Bloomberg lobbies. "People complain about it, but then they complain when there's no mother train or when the train stops."

The guide ends in sympathy. "Of course, the citizens all do complain."

"They give us a. No nonsense, ready answers, cool but a little rocky—Bloomberg's kind of guy." If you ever want a job, he says, "you can come to New York."

Bloomberg loves this—long meandering through the world talking, doing and being decisive. This is a fundamental fact about him. And the living the moment, though always considerate low-key, was filled, always dynamic—wherever the people use most often followed by audience, stable qualities that acquire a slightly more aggressive edge when you have \$40 billion in the bank. Does it matter if

Bloomberg means a job at City Hall or a job at Bloomberg L.P.? The line has always been blurred, more serious in the big world where Bloomberg News is ubiquitous, it's the first thing the Chinese members hear they insert here, followed by his famous nickname as he last presidential term. Then he's old job as mayor of New York City.

He has that great American story—hardworking father and rough-around-the-edges, well-adjusted Eagle Scout, successful, not particularly ambitious, off to college next year and a first—the early death of his father, followed by Harvard Business School, work through Wall Street, the invention of Bloomberg terminals and the creation of global brand.

The compound force of all this seems to define the Chinese reporters, who regulations with ease and can kiss like a motherly Everywoman he goes, they kiss him. "Mr. Bloomberg, are you going to run for president?"

An Bloomberg likes to say that's not the right question. Especially back home, where opinion polls show that he is already starting strongly the same line he former House Speaker Newt Gingrich. But the pollsters that purvey massaging, are more pessimistic about the possibility of his candidacy. And in fact, Gingrich doesn't have billions of dollars to move his numbers.

He bends down another gleaming tunnel, this time to a train that

The mayor takes the morning train to work in the morning and sits in a booth inside the subway station, reading newspapers, but otherwise maintaining a政策 of privacy.

**Sometimes,
number
one, things
change,
okay? So
let's not
be—I mean,
sometimes
you change
your views.
Sometimes
the world
is different,
okay?**



him. With it and his well-preserved smile, and dressed in a plaid suit with the feel of an insurance broker's duds, he is a platform for the kind of success that has led to his ascendancy and, recently, to the near-preception that Chinese firms have arrived in force. "In America the Chinese capital system, government-style, is going to be the way of every thing," he declares.

It's an astonishing moment, and a bewildering one—one of the most successful businessmen in the world, and certainly the most successful executive ever politicos in American life, the leader of a city so powerful that its policies are a bigger threat to the status quo of most countries, expressing something close to the very core of the most ruthlessly placed economists in the world, a system that still treats its people as disposable bits of an immense machine, where the government doesn't get in the way of anything. Because the government itself is the threat? Is the sheer power to change your way that compelling? Is it the sheer where-the-rules-are-drawn sense that gives you tools?

"It's rayon, something familiar here," the padre says. Bloomberg looks up, right at the wall overlooking the sprawling modern lecture room—now all there's a giant blue ribbon across it. And it's playing a Bloomberg-financed TV show: *"Climate Change Bloomberg! What's to do?"*

At the wall's edge, someone reads from a massive, many-line document. Chinese immigrants in New York who work in a factory just up the street at Harvard, a man in Yale, and another man at the University. Bloomberg asks the man, "How can we afford it?" The immigrant answers, "Oh Mayor Bloomberg, America's the most wonderful country in the world. My wife and I, we can each have two jobs."

Bloomberg goes to the group of hand-wavers. He reaches out a man whose name Wall Street has also given: "Don't forget to come early, stay late, turn at dusk; take projects home late and weekends," he says as his hands flap. Bloomberg, by Michael Bloomberg. "While you're reading this see if you're thinking about how our competitors are planning to eat the food from our children's mouths... in life, under children's games, second place is first loss."

He's got it over this now, ready-made-to-future others. Back to New York, he needs to build grand projects like the West Side rail down to the waterfront of the Hudson, which would lose one \$1 billion and leave \$1 billion for the Olympics. That would be built around a train station, too. But the corrigible state pols up in Albany killed it. "Closed Government doesn't bring in nearly this much revenue," he says.

The public expression sympathy is "it's not the fault of the system in this situation, we are among the most innovative in Hong Kong."

Bloomberg and others have a brittle, judgmental, which feels full of politics and history to the happy place where laws are absolute. "Larson, capitalism works. If they weren't making money, they wouldn't survive."

BACK IN NEW YORK, frankly, things aren't so great. He's in his third term, trying to recharge the batteries and bring in law



Michael Bloomberg cooks dinner for the press in his kitchen. "I'm not a chef," he says, "but I'm learning."



of new people. His bring-the-rich-and-innovation reform went from him by now that most success across the state had been a systematic, really softend, extract him a rare rebuke in the Wall Street Journal: "Mr. Bloomberg spent an additional \$1.5 billion on education, but the score of city students in the two natural tests was unacceptable to local magnates... remain quiet." The fight to change the law on term limits that started here in many eyes. "He looked like an ordinary politician trying to hold on to his job," says Randy Daniels, a deputy mayor under Giuliani.

Lots of people are used to him. "There's a non-power-male-stereotype attitude that makes it hard to fit problems," says Steve Banks of the Legal Aid Society. "I don't get the sense that he knows what I'm saying when I talk to him directly," says my colleague John Ellis. "I believe he's the least in touch with ordinary people of any mayor in modern history." And Tom Berg of the Coalition Against Hunger, small-business advocate Rick Bell and Lopdy Liu, a Bloomberg's signature arts are cutting budgets and cuts \$150 million a year. "We called it a minor concession issue," that shows the human side. In Brooklyn, councilwoman Letitia James is icy: "Ask any colleagues in Brownsville or East New York what he's done in their districts. Ask them when was the last time they saw the mayor out there, or the mayor even visited!"

All the news isn't bad. Crime in low graduation rates are up the city is breaking back from the recession, faster than the rest of the country. But it's a far cry from the glitz days. When he came into

office, a brand-new Republican pushed heavily by his friends on Wall Street and in the media, Bloomberg surprised everyone by raising taxes to protect city services—he has very own stimulus program. He said that New York City was a "fiasco project" and how very required perhaps. "He made a case for the public sector," says Karen Pechta, a 30-year-old professor of public affairs at Columbia University. "Gotham wanted to prevent hospitals, Bloomberg said, 'Every child in New York City deserves a public education, regardless of income and race.'"

Bloomberg surprised his friends by going to work for him, picking an slate team of investment bankers and lawyers and other outsiders as a measure of his to remain as mayoralty gain traction. They took control of the city's schools, recruited leadership talent. City Hall, is involved ambitious development projects and a massive array of pilot programs on education, infrastructure, and the environment—it was an exciting time.

Now even the number-crunchers become skeptical, and a bit bolder for the ultimate M.I.T. political. "What he didn't do was get success stories [for his policies]," says Charles Broder of the Citizens Budget Commission. A school budget with twenty-year experience now stands \$300,000, for example. The fact that more than the city budget showed a rise of almost twice the rate of inflation during the Bloomberg years, from \$4.4 billion to \$6.1 billion, Bloomberg's mission is not to prove just from his earlier stats that approach in troubled economy, a reversal—a more ideological platform would have led to defeat. "Now we're in stage three," Broder says. "He says he's not going to return to tax increases. He's probably going to raise water. We have yet to see how good a budget editor he is."

AFTER THE COHESION comes to a stop, a Chinese border guard steps up the close and poses a gun dead at the center of Bloomberg's forehead. Bloomberg doesn't react, just keeps walking in tall and bony man named J. Michael Evans, the chairman of the Association ofToddler Businesses. They're walking in a long when Mr. Evans seems particularly bad when what the day is aging, drawing ripples, and the young man Bloomberg is a clearing fortress of great commercial content, but it's winter and comfortable in the soft leather coats and he's having a good time sharing with friends—they just sat down the people they have in common and it turned out they'd both scheduled to go to the same birthday party back in New York, small world!

The guard moves to another farewell, then another and another. It's some kind of like the remember. One seemed at such forehead your importance. The Chinese are very nervous about racial fluidity.

Twenty minutes later, the Chinese passes a new building that looks like a giant playground under the industrial city skyline, which has gleaming glass towers, lots of old weathered buildings with lots of dry and east sides, many factories and industrial parks with wide empty streets. Bloomberg here to visit the long-distance train, the Chinese railway system, and with a couple of high-tech factories. He's brought along deputy mayor Peter Harris, a stylish man with a black belt with some horizontal stripes, plus a squad of bodyguards, a Chinese handler, an official photographer (he's a tourist), a security detail, a gaggle of local reporters, and New York City comptroller John Liu—who's, oddly, a real critic of Bloomberg's.

The first stop is a modern steel-and-glass building called *Citizero Center*, direct portland translation of City Hall, housing offices, plus shooting bands and the interesting Asian custom of pri-

scouting business cards with both hands, followed very rapidly—it starts before everyone is seated—by a high-speed presentation on the high-speed train system, the speaker and laser lighting like a firefly's constellations.

Ten minutes later, the lights come on. "And thank you, Mayor Bloomberg, for coming." We know that now call the me to go work every day, and here we wait open jaws and high respect."

Never one for superficial banter, Bloomberg answers in his usual dry tone: "Our trains don't run fast as your trains, unfortunately."

With that, they blow him into the Hall of the Honored Guests, where people in purple robes and silver dignitaries in a half-circle of the red carpet decorated with green white flowers and a portion of flowers large enough for a rich man's funeral. The symbolism of the moment is particularly rich, since the place where Deng Xiaoping decided that "reform and opening" was planned and launched the modern-state capitalism of China. In thirty years the place has exploded from a fishing village to city of about a hundred million people, one of the fastest growing cities in the world.

"Bring your greetings from 4.4 million New Yorkers!" Bloomberg begins, launching into a flowery speech about their world's relationship. He makes a point to introduce John Liu, who has been the briefly Chinese name of Flushing, Queens. (When I ask Liu why the name never lived on, he answers, "I expected to find his purpose.") He pushes New York like he's from Madison Avenue, praising innovation and cutting-edge technology and design and media and marketing, and another myth about creating a personal myth. "My company has a big office in Hong Kong. I used to live in a lot. Now I don't get a chance to travel as much."

This leads to an instant combat board of many and one-upmanship—the major of Shanghai says he's here to show Bloomberg his amazing solar grid, and Bloomberg can't help but bragged to offer his a ride on the New York City subway. Then it's time for the ritual of photos and gifts, posing in front of a giant painting of cherry blossoms and handing over one of those famous red boxes from Tiffany's. Inside there's a life-size crystal apple, really a very heavy rock, a gift from the people of New York. "That is a wonderful somebody in your office put out of hand," Bloomberg jokes.

As he leaves the building, a Chinese reporter shouts out: "Mr. Bloomberg, will you run for president?"

HAND ON A SECOND. All these commercial visits and ungratifyingly efficient sessions reading things along leave little room for anything more.

Twenty minutes later, the Chinese passes a new building that looks like a giant playground under the industrial city skyline, which has gleaming glass towers, lots of old weathered buildings with lots of dry and east sides, many factories and industrial parks with wide empty streets. Bloomberg here to visit the long-distance train, the Chinese railway system, and with a couple of high-tech factories.

He's brought along deputy mayor Peter Harris, a stylish man with a black belt with some horizontal stripes, plus a squad of bodyguards, a Chinese handler, an official photographer (he's a tourist), a security detail, a gaggle of local reporters, and New York City comptroller John Liu—who's, oddly, a real critic of Bloomberg's.

This is unexpected. Usually, the bodyguards who protect politicians black off the bathroom when the door is inside, preventing loose hair from entering the bathroom with cameras or rays messages. There's only one other stool.

He needs to realize that the privacy. On the other hand, an American who's here for fun, not touring congressional offices. He's not rayray.

Bloomberg doesn't care. He's a big older and a little uncomfortable in his body. As he left the building,

he says, he realized there wasn't going to be any easy way to step in the middle of all the handshakes and go to the bathroom like this was a walk.

He's been sleeping before 6:30 in the morning, when he plane landed after an eight-hour flight, and he arrives at frost as he did eight hours ago.

He augs up and heads for the door. "You just do what you have to do," he says. "You have money to eat after you die."

AS IT TURNS OUT, his bodyguards have standing instructions not to let people come from him, either via email or phone or in person; it's a no-nonsense approach to management that reflects his private offices and executive parking spaces. His rule of thumb with the security guys is to keep things up and walking to see, I should be accessible," he tells me. "It's the job. You don't like to run the risks, don't take the job."

For a hot second, with his eyes sweeping across the precession of popular subjects—the Grand Zero rating, gay marriage, gun control, and the need for relaxed immigration laws—Bloomberg seems to be a liberally decent, a pacific progressive in the mold of FDR.

Now comes a completely different New York, elegant offices on Fifty-second Street with a sweeping God's-eye view of Central Park, the headquarters of a global investment firm, KKR & Co., in the end-of-the-century Elysee Palace, named for the Partnership for New York City, a group of CEOs who promised to work together to combat terrorism through a network of patriotic centers of the city's financial district. Bloomberg wanted to start participating in crime events.

He started with a charity dollar dance.

"He was very much the hero in here, a sort of, somewhat sardonic guy," says Kathy Wills, president and CEO of the Partnership, like reservoirs Bloomberg going out to explore the city and coming back to Fifty-second Street marking off statistics and rates of disease, longitude, so many different kinds of people! So much potential! All he needed was a little work in administration and the education system, and it would be the perfect platform for global business. For the first time since the dim days of David Koch, Bloomberg's enthusiasm made him seem virtuous again. "Each-and-party conservatism changed dramatically in the early 2000s, and when Mike Bloomberg decided to get interested in public policy," Wills says.

By the time he was ready to run for mayor, the CIO of Morgan Chase was the guy swooning Bloomberg's nesting and breakfast and a man in the locker room who had elevated global finance. The rich didn't back off after the election, helping Bloomberg in the fight for anyone's control of public education, reforming SISD, willfully not finding a school to teach grammar to have run schools, whispering in the right ears down in Washington when he was trying to get more money for the new World Trade Center. Later, many of them would join his pro-immigration coalition of CEOs and immigrants—neither Rupert Murdoch.

He returned the after the winter ended in 2008, when Washington politicians pour thousands of dollars into Wall Street and some of them pushed for drastic currency measures—break up the "too-big-to-fail" banks, ban derivative trading, over-dramatically restrict political control of the New York Fed. "Our members were pure-shticks," Wills says. The way they saw it, they had to come against giant international banks like HSBC; the New York Fed was the key to international trade, and derivatives were the exclusive Reserve tools of commerce great when not abused by the Treasury.



With the continued authority of New York City and its billions, Bloomberg helped to block the most stringent regulations.

SO FAR, EVERYTHING Bloomberg has done in China has had an ecological theme—the global-warming conference, the trains, and, after failed, his shopping at Biopharmaceuticals, the world's largest supplier of a drug that erases blood clots, which is caused by the rice beetle in China, and the first thing he does is acknowledge the chairman of the Asian division of Goldman Sachs. "We just signed a loan to [our supplier]. It turns out that his best friend is one of my best friends."

The Chinese said agreeably and moved on to formal expressions of regard. "Of course," Mayor Bloomberg, we know your new regulation in China."

Bloomberg loves that. "Don't ever talk to any other news organization!"

As the tour begins, compressor-like approaches Evans. "What's the Goldman Sachs connection?"

There are many ways to answer that question. The conversation is that Goldman has invested \$4.5 million in Bloomberg and made more than a billion-dollar profit when it went public last summer. That Goldman is vital to the economic health of New York City. That some of Bloomberg's top upstarts come from Goldman's upper ranks. That Goldman houses many thousands of Bloomberg terminals. But Evans just says he has a position in the company, which is surviving because it's operating at a high level of efficient employment—not making T-shirts or cheap toys, thank you. It is the new China, the China of the future.

They've got to stop it a porridge and gawk through the glass at workers head-to-head in four military-style barracks, like a scene in *A-Team*.

On the way out, Bloomberg does a quick Q&A with a group of Chinese reporters. They're pretty smooth, swooshing up and off their feet before getting down to business. "So why do you choose these two companies, because there are many companies here in Shenzhen?" "I wanted to pick the couple of companies that were really ahead of their times, pushing the envelope and making a gameable future, and I also depended on Goldman Sachs for advice."

"So they gave you the kind of suggestion?"

"Yes, both these companies were picked by Goldman Sachs."

The Chinese reporters turn to the pressing question about the Pepto-bismol patch of loans, which they were shown about. They get specific, talking about firewalls and hot money, and Bloomberg's right there with them respecting the right of a central bank to manage quantitative easing but always watching the rules for banks

as they work together to build a better world. The who checks the people of Shenzhen and leads for the Mercedes.

On the way out, Evans cracks his eye and gives him little nod. Thank you.

WHEN BLOOMBERG gets back to New York, he ploughs directly into a noisy press event over his surprise pick for publishing executive for the new school chancellor. His nominees are chose her because she's a "true C40 superstar" (a local term), that she's someone and high-handed and no bones or consult with students.

That's when he moves up to his executive offices on the second floor of City Hall, the central office he designed when he was running Governor's office. There'll be the bell. It's an unmissable sight in the way of City politics, where perks are treated with the gravity of mortgages and wills. There's a giant screen TV at one end with a digital ticker listing places awarded and penalties lifted, a blackboard is low, but you can see ever tiny neighbor's business when you look up, a line of clocks showing the time in different places except a Brooklyn and Queens instead of London and Tokyo, and the time is all the same. Opposite the big TV, there's a tall round table with three coffee tables.

A few moments later, Bloomberg comes up the stairs to the main bar and holds up a hand, drawing down a stack of the tables, he makes released small talk about problems with eyeglasses. "I get up, I put my contacts on, everything's blurry, and then I realize I forgot to take the ones out the night before. Why do I do that? You won't blame coffee, I hope something."

He starts with web-based remarks about the first people, last it's only a minute or two before he arrives at the centerpiece of the moment. He had breakfast that morning with the six of us at 8 a.m. in the Department of Education and reminded them that 62 percent of the kids get a high school diploma now, thanks to all of them, but the mayor had a little part in it too. "I picked Juelz Soile, I say, periodization, I took the grief, I put the money."

He wants to be remembered for pushing metrics and detailed public accounting, which he calls a "step change in government." Also the smoking ban, a 25 percent reduction in crime, education reform, and the long-loved twenty-five-year environmental plan he calls PlaNYC. New people who are recruited to office in both the national and state levels were to be seen with him.

Australians Bloomberg has changed a lot since leaving, putting his elbow on the table, bending over top conventional assumptions. Never mind that the culture he's bringing in is right out there and it's viable to all and audible to anyone who passes by. There's definitely something about Bloomberg that doesn't like borders—she uses it in the long haul, the high stakes, even his sense of loyalty. There's a joke around the Hall that the best way to make a fortune is to get the newspaper to release you, and it's not really a joke. He likes to keep people close.

Down below, there's Bloomberg's desk, seated in the middle of the office floor, surrounded by a clientele the same size until the other cubicles—really he has no private office (he works low-key, he could bring the person he hired Jon Draper a fortune that gives him an unashamed freedom when he's not begin working). He's worked down there for nine years. But he doesn't like being questioned, or less not about his efforts

to deficit financial regulation.ணessentially, a note of anger dares enters his voice. "Lessons learned. We had an explicit fail policy, which I happen to think is the right policy to encourage home ownership. We did that through Fannie and Freddie. And the way they raised money was by taking the mortgages and packaging them, otherwise it would have been commercial banks holding local loans and an expansion of the economy and spending on transportation and all of the infrastructure stuff. So it went through a downturn, it is my view that other downturns" because places like "They came in Florida, they moved to Arizona. Were the rebound? We people pushed on the mortgages. You pay a mortgage valuation to sell mortgages, tell them to never ever pay back. If it's all somebody has about you is the name. So you probably may not be concerned if every expansive housing market when the real estate is sold as a downmarket lead to loss of definition, but on balance, we're better off because of it." And by the way, the people that own those mortgages are in those high-risk deals. Mortgage derivatives are sold to professional investors. No one says, "Gosh, I didn't understand what I was buying." That's ridiculous. They should have done due diligence."

He does support regulation to increase transparency as well as higher reserve standards and more rigorous oversight. Beyond that, he says, we need to accept the ups and downs of our real cycles. "We encourage risk. We wanted everybody to take risks. You can imagine cross-pollinating. Let's move down the housing issue in this country?" Get serious.

What about the eight-year term limit? Some still stirred his legacy.

"The law and the way it's named can change the rule. They voted, they paid, they agree to the law. That's the law. If you don't like the law, change the law. Don't complain about somebody living within the law."

But when other people proposed doing the very same thing, not only was it an outrage.

"So someone, number one, they change, okay? So let's not be. Everyone, sometimes you change your views. Sometimes the world is different, okay?"

And the earlier, very big urban development project projects the West Side station in Manhattan and the Hudson yards in Brooklyn? The charges of underhanded dealings and broken promises?

"Okay, there's two out of all of the things. And I'm definitely, the West Side station is a project that should have been built. The West Side station should employ up to a thousand number of people starting their day at the economic center."

How about education? After the scores went down—

"No, no, one out. Scores did not go down, scores went up. We changed the level that we were implying to."

And the decision to pull the Magazine section of the *New York Times*, which was done in a rather snide way?

"It's a separation. Eddie says, 'Where are the people managing the business?' They had a long history of steps of City Hall. I don't think they had fifty people. That's a great outcry from the *New York Times* from a panel."

Clearly, it's frustrating having to explain himself. Which, especially after all he's done for the city, especially for people who don't understand how the world works. "It's the major decisions," he says, "that's what's most important—central issues—they're the major decisions, all his communiqués, all his deputy meetings, and you don't do a public search. What are you talking about? (continued on page 116)

WHAT I'VE LEARNED

PIERS MORGAN

TELEVISION HOST, 43,
NEW YORK

INTERVIEWED BY
CAL FUSSMAN
NOVEMBER 17, 2010

PHOTOGRAPH BY
PATRICK FRASER

From: *François* A young guy, who I've got to be a little bit of a joker. He's going to be a good bloke. He's going to be a good bloke.

To: *Morpheus* I was looking at the *Matrix*. I was only twenty-eight when

they made me do the job. They'd been looking at me like, "Is Piers Morgan fit enough?"

From: *Calvin* I was a bit nervous about meeting the Queen. I was a bit nervous about meeting the Queen.

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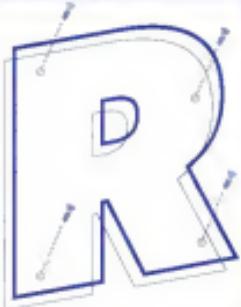


Best known as a judge on *American Idol*, Morgan is the former editor of *The Sun* and the author of the much-acclaimed daily advice column *Piers Morgan Daily*, reduced

BACK TO THE STUDS

BY CHRIS JONES

When the author decided to rehab an old house, he knew two things: Building is about design. And demolition is about the truth.



RIGHT NOW, IN THE LATE MIDDLE of my demolition, the dust is everywhere. Painter dust is probably the worst of all the dust, because it's so fine and has almost no weight, which means it hangs in the air for a long time before it finally decides to settle. Hours after I've torn down an ancient plaster wall or ceiling, a thick white cloud still hovers over the old pine floors like fog in an ice rock. Painter dust digs through cracks. It gets everywhere. I've found plaster dust deep inside my ears; there's a small white explosion of it behind the screen on my cell phone; a tiny celestial body somehow trapped under glass. It doesn't smell too bad—not like the black plastic leftovers from a cut-through shower pipe at the drywall joint; new gypsum that was shoved into the walls for insulation—but plaster dust tastes bad, like chalk, sad if it lands on your eyes, it'll wake up the morning after spending yet another day sledgehammering down my house and 900 bags of pulp will have washed their way to the corners of my eyes in the night. A couple of weeks ago, I even had to shave my head, because each time I shaved, the plaster dust would become a little more like cement rather than wash away. It was as though the plaster dust had made up its

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FINN O'HARA

READ MORE ABOUT CHRIS JONES:
“**BEHIND THE HOUSE**” AND OTHER
THINGS—ON HIS BLOG “**MY SECOND
HOME**” AT EQUUS.COM



meant to take down some of me with it.

Now come the tiny flakes of fiberglass from the occasional unanswered pad of pink insulation. They're nearly as bad as the plaster dust, because they're nearly as toxicous. Old, blossoming cellulose also makes a hell of a mess, but at least its particular breed of末末, cellular dust, isn't flammable. Cellulose fills to the ground with a shield. In the last few days, I somehow managed to strip a massive pocket of vermiculite—just sticks, though enough to fill a whole box, but its shiny dark-gray dust is malleable for you, and it sprays it down with water before you can even think to stop. A few crushed heads from the fiberglass left behind a pretty red dust that made my future dust removal see a golf course in there. Up in the attic, the ancient tar-paper roof had dissolved and dissolved through the oak trees in the sole weathered planks, costing my buddy Phil and me with the black powdered we looked like clowns in our gear. Fiberglass from the Westlawever he held a broken, barely kind of dust. We crawled. Copper shingles look like we should just clean them off. Shingles are probably the last of lesser of all the dusts, because it's easy to clean up and clean is good; big granules don't scatter everywhere. But in the end, it's just more dust. It still shows up everywhere in a more fine fibrous way, from where it was easily waiting for me to sweep away and carry it out to the dumpster.

I've filled up two thirty-gallon dumpsters with dust and its attendant debris so far, and I'm halfway through a third. I'll fill it and probably start to stock up before I'm done with the demolition. In the late nineteenth century, we took possession of our house—a beautiful Second Empire built in 1869 with intricate mansard roof and a desire to need for some love—the painted eighteen thousand pounds of unnecessary shit out of it, mostly by myself. The ceiling in Charlie's office in dream state—acoustic tiles, sweeping planes, leafs, and remnants of that library in cellulose—still ran my acolyte traps up and down the stairs. The ceiling in our bedroom, too, was a dream, and at the upstairs hallway trap gone, too. Maybe forty rolls of wallpaper stripped, forty strips of paper, dried. Most of the site, gutted. The dust. The first-floor powder room. The kitchen. The walls' rains. All of them, vanished.

I've learned a lot in the last three months. Most important: Houses are made out of many things, not at the essence, all of those shaggy dusts.

His life second time I've tackled old houses. I made so many mistakes with the first one to be happy with. We had three seven years, and I never could turn off my brain at that house. I could never map-thinking about what I should have done differently. It became a grown-up anxiety weight on my shoulder, instead of everything I'd done wrong. We had to move, or I would have gone crazy. Whenever I mentioned, my eyes would inevitably fill to some heavy or bleary, often when they had been washed, I could feel the tension I needed to stagnate.

Our first house was a big city house that had been converted into three apartments, so we started converting it back into a house. Unfortunately, all the clutter had been stripped out of it over the years, replaced by layers and layers of badness and clutter. I did my best with it, I like to tell myself, but for all sorts of reasons—time, money, inexperience, the birth of our sons, and the pressure of real life—that house always felt like a collection of bad measures.



“We were living in it when we renovated it, and that was our big, great mistake. Went off, living in the house while we worked on it made us reluctant to dismantle anything so completely as we should have. We never were started with a clean slate. We used to peek around things instead, snidge here, a jingle there, ‘Is using something against me going to happen? Something that’s stuck.’ It’s also really weird that there was yet another thing wrong with our already very wrong house, and we were scared of what it’d be wrought of. There was a huge amount of mystery, another reminder of how far we had to go, and sometimes it would make us rather than take anything down in the first place and hope that everything would somehow magically just fall back together behind the crumbling walls under the creaky floor.

Of course, nothing does itself, except for us.

It's too much If I think about everything I have to fix, it becomes too overwhelming. Sometimes, late at night, the inevitable fatiguing happens—new roof, replace the windows (here are twenty-four of them, with wood frames and triple glass), plumbing, new electrical (it's 90 percent lead and rabbet), new ducts and return, insulate the attic, re-finish the floors, drywall (maybe eighty sheets), paint, paint, sand to the bone, high trim, new kitchen, new bathroom fixtures



of them), run natural-gas lines and install two new fireplaces (in addition to the one cast-bronze ones we’re keeping), lights and switches, new floor dust, new garage, landscaping, white picket fence outside, and a Christmas tree in the over-flow—but then I try to shake it all away and concentrate on what I have to do now, what I have to do first. Job one, always, is demolition.

Building is about architecture and design. It’s about the art of things. Demolition is about engineering. It’s about biology and mechanics and about what’s made. Those last words must have been an exercise in truth seeking. This morning, specifically, I have to finish getting the five-hour-long day down to its bones, down to one I can see, hand-forged square-tube metal and timber that we couldn’t dream of finding anymore. More specifically, I have to pull down this six-foot stretch of plywood and lath or fill between these two gigantic posts. It’s an aesthetic choice that, right now, is in this very moment, with zero intent now falling panels and empty two-by-tens trapping at the windows, I have no idea if this six-foot length of lath will be the claw of my hammer and pull it down.

A single piece of lath? I can do that.

And now the first-floor hallway is about to become so much dust, starting with this damned piece of lath thought here. I can do that.

It was the other big mistake we made the first time around. I tried to cut a lot of the work. I think, like a lot of people, I was scared of messiness, of losing control of that I’d already invested. I believed each tradesman who told me that if I did it myself, with my trades or inexperienced hands, I would only ruin everything. So I paid people to do it for me. I was really happy with the work of others; they talked much better games than they played.

I felt beholden to cracking plumbers and carpenters who killed three hours for every one they worked. It made me feel like less of a man, and I began feeling so though on my screen in my own imagination. No one cares about your love as much as you do.

The second time around, I’d try to do my own love, and I’ll be happier for it. I decided that if I wanted to become competent, I wanted to become a operator. I wanted to know I wanted to see broken things and leave home for them, I wanted to see working things and understand why they worked. Most of all, I wanted to be able to stand on my own head and know, in my heart, that everything was as it should be, because I had made it this way. I didn’t let anyone have a wider view than her behind the walls, whether paper-thin cage and gypsum board had been nailed under my boards. (This actually happened in our first house.) I didn’t want to have to trust that these strangers and strangers had come into my house and fixed it. I wanted to do it myself.

Early on here, during my first große fassungs and our second Empfehlung, I was pulling down walls in the kitchen. The flavor owners had told us that they’d paid an electrician to convert the first floor, including the kitchen, from antique black lead and tube to modern white wires. Knob-and-tube is dangerous, a fire hazard. It’s had enough that no one will unsafe a house with knob-and-tube. It has to come out.

And in the kitchen, when our house inspector pulled off a switch plate or pulled down a light fixture, care enough shiny new wiring pulled me. I looked prefer. But then I took down the walls and saw what that electrician had done. Held simply two feet of new wire into the old lead and tube, fumbling together many little splines so far he could reach up and inside the walls. Not only had he not fixed the wiring, he’d made it more dangerous than it was under first place—real then he collected his money off a lovely old couple and walked away, leaving full well that he risked turning their house and everything in it, including them, into ashes before they had a chance to become old.

Lowering the time, but now I’m glad I found those splices. Both are of them, another ugly job and the same old pliers, strengthened my resolve. This time, I’d do it myself. And I’d start the way I should have started the first time around. I’d made up my mind to take everything back.



It's never too old in my reworking one Sammamish, reworking ones are referred to as Swallows, but that’s really a trademark of the Milwaukee Electric Tool Corporation. Mine’s a Do-It-Yourself. But I did buy a heavy-duty pack of Milwaukee blue-handled snap-cutters. They have bizarre names like the Ax or the Wrecker or the Tusch. I usually go for the Wrecker, which is designed for all-purposes demolition, but sometimes the Ax or the Tusch come in handy, because they’re particularly well suited to cutting through wood and metal, respectively. It’s not as if it’s better to employ a prospector.

When most people think about demolition, it’s an instrument come to mind: sledgehammers, steel-toed boots, wrecking balls. I have a do-it-yourself, but I’ve used it only once on the house, to take out a section of brick or framing that needed to be replaced. A local contractor loaned me [continued on page 119]

ARMSTRONG
Silk scarf (21,200)
and leather jacket
GIVENCHY by Riccardo
Tisci
CASHMERE AND SILK
SWEATER (2,000) and
WOOL TROUSERS (2,000)
both GIVENCHY by
Riccardo Tisci
LEATHER JACKET (2,000)
by
Dovey
Leather bag (2,000)
H.A. Fantasy

IMPACT

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE AN EMERGING ACTOR TO WANT TO BREAK OUT FROM THE PACK THIS YEAR. HERE, SIX GUYS ON THE VERGE OF SOMETHING BIG SHOW HOW TO MIX UP LOOKS AND LABELS AND TAILORING AND SPORTSWEAR TO REENGINEER YOUR STYLE FOR 2011.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KURT ISWARIENKO

BRANDON T. JACKSON

HE: 26 ("But I feel kind of young")

THEIR: A STREET DANCE IN LONDON
TOPLESS: "I'm not going to play
either Adam Child or his dad again."
He's back in the game, though.
He also recently starred in the instant
classic "Love That Puffy" to the
film's soundtrack.

THEIR BEST OFF-FIELD MOMENT:
Their world-touring Memphian dad's
recently been seen in a very... risqué
video. Brandon says he's "kind of nervous."
Lawrence's stepson, an aspiring rapper
who goes under moniker i'm per-
forming at its school... on a girl? (Hey,
it worked out okay for Lawrence.)

ART FOR THIS ISSUE:
Jackson has recorded a track with
T-Pain. "It's like love," Jackson says.
"2011 is going to be a big year. An
incredible year."

Over-the-knee boots and sweater (left)
(21,000) and jacket (22,000) by
Burberry London; cotton-mesh crew-
neck (21,000) by Burberry Brit; moto
jacket (2,000) by Clerks Originals.





CHARLIE DAY

MEET

TOP HIGH-TECH HUMORIST: CHARLIE DAY
It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia's "I'm mean, we're the biggest sculpted comedy on basic cable, and we're in syndication that says, if you want to call it out, you're free!"

OUR WITTEST GENTLEMAN GUY FIGHT

Ady's Marigold Russell, costarring Jason Bateman and 2013's junior Oscar nominees those guys who walk around on their own. They say Jennifer Aniston.

MEET ME

Ed Helms: "He's Lewis Katzky, he's better-looking and sexier, I really do enjoy extended roles, and then if America permits me, I'll do some various roles after that."

PABLO SCHREIBER

MEET

TOP HOTTEST HUMORIST: PABLO SCHREIBER
Simon Helberg: The big, strong, delicious but turned drug-dealer Paul Knuckie.

OUR WITTEST GENTLEMAN GUY FIGHT

Hannibal the Dysfunctional, one of last year's Academy Award nominees, which means he's now a real man. That's right, lights out, the new beauty interests on FX in which he plays "yes, another morally ambiguous character." It's becoming something of a calling card for me.

Opposites attract (Hannibal), exotic short (Nate), and cool (Knuckie).
By Stephen Amstutz





IN CHRIS HEMSWORTH

©1960 carnigan
£114.95; cotton shirt
(\$175); and wool
blazer, \$1,250
by Dolce & Gabbana.



KEN WILSON
MALEK

BY JON

THE GREAT GATSBY AND DICK
The Pacific, HBO's *True Blood*,
the grand-dad-snap! *Mad Men*

THE WILL DEVEREUX STRANGER THINGS
This summer's Lucy Danes, as a science teacher
in a corporate business school. And if she's
not enough, you can catch her as an Egyptian艳后 in
the final installation of this thought series.

IN FORBES TWINS OF THE MONTH
"My brother was like, 'We're going to have to change
the facts so it'd just be us in the movie.' But I
thought, 'No, no, no. I'm gonna do it all.' I thought, 'Okay,
so I could rock back on and on and on. Like, I playfully
vampirize him, like, Twilight. I mean, how sneaky
people get to do that!'"

Cotton shirt (\$245) and cotton trousers (\$180)
by Prada; leather shoes (\$780) by Loro Piana





AN PAAKE SHIRLEY
2014
photograph by Shirley
and co. film photo
© 2014 Shirley
and co. film photo



OSCAR ISAAC

Cap

2014

THE NIGHT COMES FOR us all
Mellory Bound's *Adam Hood* (left)
elberry Mariano Preysor (right)
Russell Crowe (below)

THE WOLF OF WALL STREET (in photo)
Scarlett Johansson (left) Zane Greyter's latest CGI
exorcism of teenage boy wish fulfillment
which comes out in March. "There are few
girls looking girls trying to make out of
p*ss," he says, and the trailer just that.
Starring Leonardo DiCaprio, Jonah Hill,
along with Rob Reiner, Greta Gerwig,
Chris Meloni, and Albert Brooks. In
the upcoming heat thriller Drive

Two-layer wool jacket (\$995) and cashmere
sweater (\$495) by Prada; Alton Collective
cashmere scarf (\$125); and mason jar (\$19.95)
by Tomoaki Co., available online at
Gwynn's. —Giorgia Lanza





IN HIGH HIGHLIGHT
Zegna blazer,
cotton silk shirt
Santoni (D. 2000)
Jewelry: Spinelli
Krieger
Leather, wool and cashmere
carpetbag: LEATHER
and cotton book bag:
(2000) by
Hermès



CHRIS
HEMWORTH

ME 27

THIS IS NOT CHRISSIE HYNDE
Singer, if you're from Australia, you know the late blouse maven from
his role on the prime-time soap *Home and Away* or from his stint on
that country's *Dancing with the Stars*. Or, last year, he was the fratello
of the year. One only needs to look further.

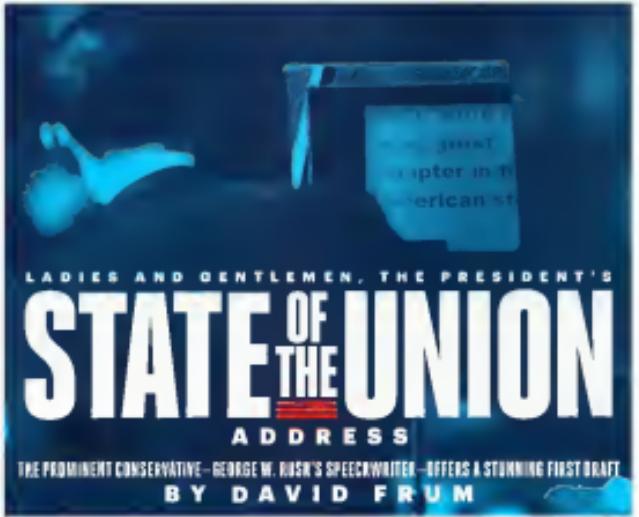
WHO WILL BE HIS CO-STAR IN HIS FIRST
Thor: The Marvel Comics adaptation directed by Kenneth Branagh
and due out in May, Hemsworth plays the title character opposite
Russell Crowe and Anthony Hopkins, and even now he'll be up for
the role of The Avenger, opposite Robert Downey Jr. (Iron Man) and
Mark Ruffalo (The Hulk).

"*THE DAY*" (2004)

"I want to keep being recognized in Australia to become a household name in America, and for now that's still attainable before the movie comes out. I still
have some 'Oh, shit' moments, though, about what's coming."

Then-before *versus* *post*-*Avengers* (2012)
and *coastal blues* (2009) by Austin Wright

SEE PAGE 10
BY DAVID FOSTER
PHOTOGRAPH BY
MATT STONE FOR MARSH
HAIR AND MAKEUP BY
GREGORY LEE
STYLING BY
TOMMY HILF



THE PROMINENT CONSERVATIVE—GEORGE W. BUSH'S SPEECHWRITER—OFFERS A STUNNING FIRST DRAFT
BY DAVID FRUM

IT'S A WEIRD FEELING OF gender bending to imagine writing a major speech for a president of a different party. It's tempting to treat the whole exercise as a joke: "First of all, I'd like to express my apologies to Prime Minister Netanyahu for treating him so rudely." Or—worse—you insert into the president's mouth words that he'd never say, and the whole thing degenerates into political wish fulfillment.¹ Yet there can be a real purpose in the exercise. After the Democratic defeat of November 1994, President Clinton telephoned the neoconservative Democrat Ben Wattenberg and wondered aloud how he'd ended up the manager of the government, and not the leader of the country. That question propelled President Clinton's return to the political center. A supporter may have better insight into what an embattled president would wish to say. An opponent can offer better perspective on what such a president needs to say.² So here's one conservative Republican's attempt to imagine what a liberal Democratic president should say if he wished in his next State of the Union to speak to the whole nation, adversaries as well as supporters, independents as well as partisans.

THE CONSTITUTION REQUIRES the president to address Congress on the state-of-the-union. But the American people already know the answer. These are difficult times. More Americans have been out of work for longer than at any time since World War II. House fanciful, recession-lasting lost divine deferred. You don't need me to tell you that's a terrible capital to argue in your television to tell you the story of your life.

When you need your political leaders for solutions to our shared problems, you are raising that your government listen to you—work for you—and deliver some realistic plans to make your life better. And I understand that, too.

But decide now—almost everything you heard from your federal government has been bad news. From the future topic to the disappointing results of economic stimulus, it seems that government has again and again failed to deliver the results the American people had a right to expect.

Government is supposed to regulate the financial institutions so that they do not take dangerous risks. Government did not do that.

Government is supposed to avoid wars, but when we do fight them we win them rapidly and decisively. Government did not do that.

Government is supposed to create the conditions for job growth and income growth. Government did not do that.

Government is supposed to defend our borders. And government did not do that.

No one person, and no one political party, is responsible for these failures. We are all responsible. In the heat of campaign, we found the blame for all our problems in the other team. But whether we were blue or gray or red, we know inside that we made those mistakes together.

From the point of view of the people watching tonight, we in this chamber look like us—both like us and unlike—and very different from the people at home.

We play political games that are self-congratulatory—but irrelevant to hard personal questions who are looking to their government to reverse the economy and bring our troops home to success from Afghanistan and Iraq.

A practical example: The Federal Reserve is our most important tool to fight recession. In April I nominated MIT professor Peter Diamond to the Federal Reserve's board of governors. There's no question that Professor Diamond is extraordinarily competent. In fact just past October, he won the Nobel Prize for economics.

It was a month after I named Professor Diamond, his nomination has not come to a vote.

Incredible as it may seem, any one U.S. senator can stop a vote on any nomination by the president—even a nomination that would otherwise pass the Senate. This power to veto any vote is not found in our Constitution; it's not found in any act of Congress. It was even found in the writings—not of the Senate, but of senators that has grown up over the years—and that has now grown out of control.

Some may say, "Well, that fine for you to say now that you are the president. Where are you yourself? Democratic voters are blocking votes on Republican nominations!"

My answer: I agree. The process was abused under President Bush as well.

So let's change that with one bold and lasting political party. In the Bankruptcy Institute, two outstanding law professors were nominated to appellate judgeship but rejected by the Senate because senators wouldn't vote. Peter Reuter and Miguel Estrada, Mr. Reuter went on to become acting attorney general, Mr. Estrada to become one of the country's leading advocates before the Supreme Court. I would like to see them now get the vote they were denied. When vacancies appear in the courts of appeals, I will nominate those two just asap!

These severe processes of obstruction should end. And so does it call on the leaders of the two parties in the Senate to end the use of the filibuster—hold-ups—in presidential nominations. Presidential nominees should receive an up-or-down vote within thirty days of their nomination.

I propose the favoring of our institutions—and reform of Congress—so there's some riding of an elephant. Rather, it's fundamental to our ability to serve the American people in this time of economic distress.

Let me give you another very pointed example of the laws due by the paralysis of our politics.

When my administration arrived in office in January 2001, we rechristened the sound Economic Policy since the 1990s we did our best to minimize the depth of the crisis hand. We got it wrong. As bad as we thought the recession would be, it was worse. We prepared for a fifty-year flood. We got a hundred-day flood. We thought our measures would cut unemployment about 0.5 percent. Despite our measures, unemployment has reached a lesson 10 percent. Unemployment remains almost 10 percent.

The reason is simple: Is that the recovery measures initiated by this administration have a varied domestic results. Two of America's most esteemed economists—an advisor to John McCain's presidential campaign, the other formerly a top economist to President Clinton—have crunched the numbers. They agree that our recovery plan stopped the free fall in the U.S. economy, saved the world from a new Great Depression, and added 2.7 million new jobs.

These are powerful positive results. But not positive enough. So we need to do more—and we need Congress to join with the administration as partners in the all-important mission of economic recovery.

We cannot have the future of a better economy unless it's already a strong.

Over the past two months, we have created more than one million new jobs in the private sector—while government employment has shrunk by more than 250,000.

Corporate profitability has reached record highs, meaning that companies can afford to hire as demand recovers—including dividends, the stock market has gained more than 10 percentage points.

If this is "recovery," what would capitalism look like? At our prior to economic expansion and government cuts back, we're not in redressing savings and debt.

Through much of the past decade, our national savings rate has risen to today, American households are saving 8% of every \$100 they earn. As Americans save more, they are paying down debt. At the beginning of the recession, on average \$1000 annually the average household, almost \$18.50 was consumed by first mortgages. Today we're down to \$17—and still dropping.

Hope is in the air, change is within our reach. Yet we face two great economic challenges.

In the near term, we must do more to help our job creation and economic growth.

The long-term economic recovery, we must put the U.S. government back on the path to a balanced budget.

Job creation begins with monetary policy.

Already the Federal Reserve is putting more money into our economy. While the Federal Reserve stopped creating new money in April of last year, our recovery stalled. As it resumed credit expansion in November, our recovery has revived.

The Federal Reserve board's most important monetary fighting tool, I am disturbed by recent attacks on the independence of the Federal Reserve. Like all the presidents since the creation of the Federal Reserve ninety years ago, I will defend the

"CORPORATE PROFITABILITY HAS REACHED RECORD HIGH... IF THIS IS 'SOCIALISM,' WHAT WOULD CAPITALISM LOOK LIKE?"

independent arm of the Federal Reserve.

Job creation continues by reducing the tax burden on individuals and enterprises.

In December, Democrats and Republicans agreed to extend the tax cuts of 2001 and 2003.

Longs that do even more:

In addition to the fiscal stimulus payroll-tax holiday which I signed into law last year, we should accelerate hiring by reducing our rate of corporate tax, the highest of any major economy.

The right kind of focused, temporary government spending can also be a powerful job creator. Over the next year, we must desperately need to improve our road, rail, and waterways and to update our systems for distributing electricity. We should be doing as much as possible of this ourselves to spur recovery.

Unfortunately, infrastructure investment has been a victim of our broken politics. The money doesn't go to the best projects. The money isn't invested by the most potential politicians. We've exchanged control under the Bush administration for gridlock now.

I propose that all revenues from gas-line fees, aviation fees, and other transportation taxes be placed in a fund dedicated to an independent infrastructure bank. The bank would be permitted to move funds up to a central level, make loans of Congress setting a highway bill every five years, the bank would develop a list of priorities—no politicians allowed. I'd suggest we have seven directors of the bank. Three would be nominated by the president and confirmed by the Senate. Two would be nominated by a conference of the Republican state governors, two more by a conference of the Democratic state governors. The directors would serve fixed and overlapping terms. When we're balancing the budget, we can move slowly through the list of basic infrastructure priorities. In a year like 2011, when it's clear so many workers need jobs, we can bring forward projects Congress would always have the last word, in step or down-scale. And Congress would decide whether to increase or reduce the flow of future tax revenues into the infrastructure bank.

Every American will have the sense that these new infrastructure projects are not peripheral. They were not chosen to reach some political deal. The money you pay at the pump or at the airport, or at future taxes on carbon dioxide and other pollutants will be reinvested toward future travel, safer and cleaner telecommunication systems, and cleaner water.

I don't expect each application for funding the our world—but when the time comes to move toward balanced budgets, some new revenues are going to be essential. I know there is a step-by-step proposal that claims to reach balance without tax increases in 2012.

That proposal is conservative. It's balanced. It has one principal rule that should be reflected in government spending for this: we need government least, while protecting those who need support most.

We must pack our fluctuations in government health-care programs. Between Medicare, Medicaid, and care for veterans and service personnel, government spends more than \$12 of all the dollars in our health system. It was already too much

the health reform of 2010—but before I was elected president—that American governments state and federal spent more on health care than Canada's government spent per Canadian. And again—that's just government dollars; it does not count private-sector dollars.

If we cut our health spending is not buying us health care. We spend more money on health care than every country in every sense—out of every dollar of national income. The numbers are overwhelming. Let's put it this way: If we spent the same as Switzerland, it would be the equivalent of getting our entire defense budget for free. Yet the average Swiss lives almost four years longer than the average American. We per for lower cost and for less.

Still, even if that sparing all the waste we can—after slowing the growth of future government health care spending—without new revenues it will take us too long to just grow our way to a balanced budget. New revenues will be needed.

Yet no laws to be passed. The wrong kind of changes can weaken our future economic growth. We don't want to return to the days of 50 percent unemployment rates.

Instead, we should reform our tax code to lower taxes on work, saving, and investment. We should move to a new kind of tax code, with higher taxes on consumption and pollution.

Imagine this future: Every dollar you save in interest. Period. The first \$10,000 you spend on basic necessities—things you need, like the most \$10,000 you pay for a car, each additional \$10,000 of spending is taxed at a slightly higher rate.

What that means is that the successful entrepreneur who makes \$10 million for his or her business will face no tax on every dollar he or she receives in the business. If that entrepreneur can justify with a modicum of truth, they'll pay a tax on one of six. If they want to expand the whole \$10 million, that's their business, but they'll pay a higher rate of six.

Savers pay less, spenders pay more—we reduce our debt and invest in our future.

In the same way, we should tax the emissions of carbon dioxide that are changing our climate, then use the revenue to reduce our national debt, fund infrastructure improvements, and lower the costs paid by working people.

As our economy recovers, it will also change. The future belongs to the nations with the most highly skilled workforce. Between President Bush's No Child Left Behind law and the focus in the '08 program on education, the Democratic majority in the previous Congress, we have seen this decade dramatic improvements in federal support for education reform.

If we're to continue to upgrade our schools, we must work together to address the controversial topic of immigration.

Our immigration policy is balanced by three key flows: few highly skilled immigrants, immigrants to fill critical labor gaps, the human rights and national security challenges presented by the estimated 12 million undocumented and illegal aliens within our borders.

If there's any one of our policies where a agreement should be possible, this is it.

We need to make more money available for science, health-care reform, and computer specialists,

We need to cut back the number of low-skilled entries who will need more help from government than can ever pay for them.

We need to allow immigration laws at the workplace, to remove the incentive to immigrate illegally—and to encourage those people who we hope legally to take their wages with them and return home. The federal government has created E-Verify, a reliable option for keeping the legal workforce of job applicants 96.3 percent accurate. More than 186,000 employers now use the system, more than 4,000 more gain every week.

With this new system in place, I will ask Congress to end the laws for employment of illegal workers—and to change the laws so that employers no longer use "child labor" as an excuse, let the employer's responsibility be found out.

At the end of a period of ineffective enforcement, we need a harmonized solution for the relatively small number of illegal aliens who have stuck deep roots in the United States and who have demonstrated that their community is that country, serving in the armed forces, paying back taxes, and raising families.

Washington's fiscal responsibility, but always a smart immigration policy should serve the interests of the United States. Nelson's right to American citizenship by breaking the laws that define American citizenship.

Let me turn last on the subject that should unite all Americans: the security of our states.

For ten years, we Americans have divided on some vital subjects, from the Iraq war to terrorist threats. But tonight I'd like to put these divisions to perspective.

9/11 was not just the deadliest-ever international terrorist attack on the United States. It was also the most complex and sophisticated. To understand why people are so divided—why the communication between them—consider these four different angles. That was an understanding of us before it was a fight.

In the years since 2001, we have seen more terrorist attacks and attempts against Western countries, including the attack on the Madrid train in 2004, the attack on the London Underground in 2005, the 2006 plot against targets in the California province of Dayton, last year's disastrous border, and the just-fired plot to bomb Christmas season festivities in Portland, Oregon.

Now notice something: Each of these attempts and plots is less sophisticated than its predecessor, involving fewer people, less communication, and earlier detection by our police and intelligence professionals. Terrorism finds it easier and easier to find, to communicate, and to move money. We will never achieve perfect security. But this is what racism in the war on terror looks like: a steady degradation of terrorist capability to do harm.

President Obama foreign policy and during elections the use joint-party candidates stress their differences. In between elections, however, what's most striking are the continuities.

My foreign policy is basically very similar to that of the Bush administration. We unsuccessfully sought dialogue. Now we will discover—despite recession and war—that the state of our

relations against the Iranian nuclear program. We are unconvincing in our calls to damage that program. We are developing missile technologies to protect our allies from the pre-emptive worst-case scenario that the program becomes operational. We reserve all instruments of power to prevent Iran from gaining nuclear weapons if other means fail. My policy toward China, India, Latin America, Africa, and other important regions of the world likewise more and less continues along the lines of the president's administration.

But, of course, presidents make changes U.S. foreign policy. There could be a conflict between us trying to close the prison at Guantanamo Bay, and I have ramped up drone-killing drone strikes against terrorist networks at the Al-Qaeda-Pakistan border.

But the changes in foreign policy wrought by my presidency in very particular year are still gradual, incremental, and less impressive than the things that do not change. Ironically these changes that presidents do deliver are often very difficult for others to changes they started. That's why President Carter rethought his own communication to withdraw US forces from South Korea thirty years ago. Why Bill Clinton took stronger action against apartheid in South Africa than his predecessors. Why Bill Clinton discontinued his campaign against George H. W. Bush's China policy—and then adopted it.

Sometimes last at night in the quiet of the Oval Office, I will light a cigarette, and lay the papers on the walls, and ask myself why do this. Part of the answer is the sheer scope and scale of the global responsibilities of the United States. We are responsible for perhaps two major policy areas at any given time. The rest of the world enterprise most immediately charged for us as areas previously had down.

Part of the answer is that presidents must often select their policy from a menu of very ugly options. They do not want to leave an army in South Korea, but you won't even leave a small second Korean. I would have preferred to negotiate a peaceful termination of the Iranian nuclear program. I would not negotiate in good faith with us.

But the deepest part of the answer is that once elected, a president must to a great extent shun his or her earlier sharing as a party leader. The commitments made by one president because the commitments of the United States. Our friends will likely rely on those same assurances—unless perhaps circumstances demand beyond the administration that undertaken these.

We campaign as members of a party. We go to representatives of the whole nation. My friend, Senator Christopher Dodd, senator, Connecticut, told me, "I will never forgive when he said that 'politics should be so different from the rest of life, where rational people do something that a way of overreaching their dispositions'."

At this salient gathering of all the important pieces of our national government, let us all commit ourselves to that big and deeper national purpose. We've done it before. We can do it again. We must do it again. We will do it again. And so, we will discover—despite recession and war—that the state of our relations against the Iranian nuclear program. We are unconvincing in our calls to damage that program. We are developing missile technologies to protect our allies from the pre-emptive worst-case scenario that the program becomes operational. We reserve all instruments of power to prevent Iran from gaining nuclear weapons if other means fail. My policy toward China, India, Latin America, Africa, and other important regions of the world likewise more and less continues along the lines of the president's administration.



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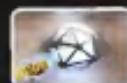
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